FEBRUARY 4, 1983

McLaughlin on MID-TERM SCUTTLEBUTT

V. 35 #2

NATIONAL REVIEW

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CHINA OVER LIGHTLY

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

ALSO:

Should We Sell The Subways?
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Richard L. Hindermann
Senior V.P./Home Office Services
Pan American Life Center

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NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 4, 1983
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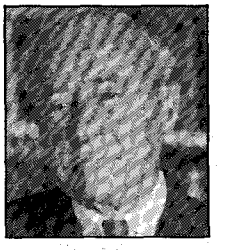

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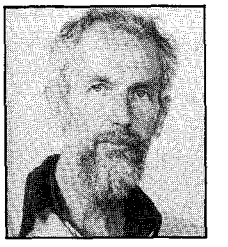

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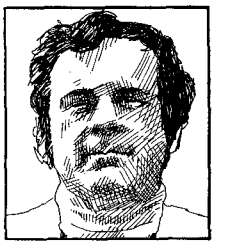

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The Cover

102 China Over Lightly

Ten years after Nixon's great journey, a visitor returns, to see sights that would shock the Calvinist conscience of James Reston. Mao, it transpires, did nothing for hygiene, and added nothing to the country's many beauties. The foreigner may experience the fleeting excitement of having his limousine run over a pedestrian, and he may join his guide in a nostalgic chorus of "Old Black Joe," but Communism has taken a heavy toll of Chinese restaurants. The way to really get to know the place is to read about it. *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

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John McLaughlin

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Some of our attempts to show the world what we're really like deserve the Lenin Prize.
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Until 1948, you could ride the New York subways for a nickel. Now the 75¢ fare falls far short of the actual cost, maintenance is neglected, and the ride is increasingly dangerous. Herewith a plan to return to private ownership. *James B. Ramsey*

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An earlier generation of "useful idiots" pressured Dwight Eisenhower into suspending nuclear tests. *Cui bono?* Right. *David Martin*

120 Restraining the Courts

A new bill would repeal creeping incorporationism in the federal courts and enrage the media. It should, of course, be passed.
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121 Of Snags and Lights

Can lighthouses be privately owned? *Can* they be? They *used* to be. *William F. Rickenbacker*

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Letters

No Exit

What Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn did for Gulag he has now done in spades for the Soviet Union as a whole in exposing what living conditions are like outside prison and labor-camp walls, in his remarkable piece "Communism at the End of the Brezhnev Era" [Jan. 21]. How is this for an indictment of 65 years of Marxist-Leninist government? I quote directly from Mr. Solzhenitsyn's eloquent and dispiriting article. "From 1917 on, the population has never known satiety, security, or personal freedom." After 65 years, "the USSR has a falling birth rate, a rising mortality rate, and a decreasing life expectancy"; "we are dying together with our natural environment." So far-reaching is the fabric of lies that rests like a shroud over everyone and everything in the USSR that "the leaders themselves do not know the true situation in their own country." What is so tragic in the picture Mr. Solzhenitsyn paints is that he sees no end of this torment for the people of Russia. This is the kind of information that should, but doesn't, come up in the nuclear-freeze debates.

Arthur S. Whitcomb
Baton Rouge, La.

Reference Rebuked

I am astonished that you permitted the tasteless and grossly insulting reference to the president of Mexico in the editorial by WFR in the December 24 issue.

President de la Madrid faces an incredibly difficult task dealing with the mess left by his predecessors. That he is trying to make a good start is attested in another article in the same issue. Not only as good neighbors, but in our own best interests, we should wish him well.

Howard Bird Jr.
New Canaan, Conn.

Differing Predictions

John McLaughlin recently ["Abortion Battles," Dec. 24] wrote an analysis of the pro-life political effort in the 1982 election, and he is at best a bit too optimistic, I fear.

The pro-life movement, of which American Life Lobby is a major part, must face the realities on two fronts: 1) our major victories in the 1982 Senate elections consisted merely of the defense of our own incumbent senators, with the addition of two new senators who are marginally, at best, pro-life (i.e., Trible and Wilson); and 2) the 1984 elections will see us, for the first time in our brief political life, working hard to defend senators who actually came to the Senate in 1978 because of our efforts; men whom we have not had to defend before.

The pro-life movement faces a tough battle in the 98th Congress because we do not have the necessary two-thirds for the crucial Human Life Amendment, and we may barely have the votes necessary for simple legislative efforts. In addition, we are working with an apathetic Administration and a pro-life grass-roots effort that needs revitalization and renewal.

The solution, of course, is clear. Emphasis must be placed on education, the development of basic political skill in every congressional district in America, and —most important—the development of tough skin that will enable this movement to face reality, accept the obvious from the Reagan White House (which is nothing), and work to develop local groups so well educated that politicians will once again find it fashionable to be pro-life.

Judie Brown
President, American Life Lobby Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Re John McLaughlin's column "Abortion Battles," Ronald Reagan expressed the answer to the question of abortion most eloquently in one sentence: "Anyone who is pro-choice has already been born."

Sean P. Lally
Bennington, Vt.

Silent Strength

Thomas Molnar's article "The Bell Tolls On" [Nov. 26] offers a limited and distorted impression of Hungary today.

First of all, Hungary is *not* Moscow's showplace. The Hungarians have managed to wear a Janus face in the world arena of politics. They please the Soviets by supporting their hegemonous foreign policy. At the same time, they have been successful, without provoking Soviet intervention, in forming and implementing new economic policies that are still in the testing stages.

Intellectual freedom exists in Hungary. Some of it has been compromised by the state. What remains is the indomitable Hungarian spirit, which is so well represented in modern literature by one of the most brilliant and inventive writers of our time, György Konrad.

There are political groups that promote a loyal opposition movement and/or dissident attitude. Hungary, unlike its neighbors, tolerates political dissent. The government has thus managed successfully to defuse the dissident movement. The fact that such movements still exist and operate openly within the society leads me to

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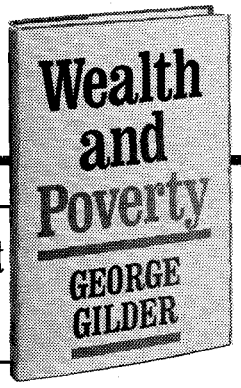

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"A creed for capitalism worthy of intelligent people. . . . at the core he provides, at least for this not totally disinterested reader, a sense that on crucial matters of human value, capitalism offers a system of economic arrangements more congenial than the alternatives, not simply because the alternatives are less pleasant, but because they are based on a mistaking of the conditions of human life. . . . an eloquent defense of the capitalist high ground and the human values that capitalists, despite their bad manners and admitted defects, managed to embody to the benefit of their fellows." — ***New York Times Book Review* (page one review)**

"Exhilarating. . . Gilder notes that New York, Illinois and Massachusetts are the outstanding failures of postwar America. These same states contain by far the biggest concentrations of academic and media power, which effectively tell America what it ought to think about itself. This disjunction between performance and presentation constitutes a major structural weakness in American society. . . . The truth is, capitalism has nothing to fear but its own timidity." — ***Wall Street Journal***

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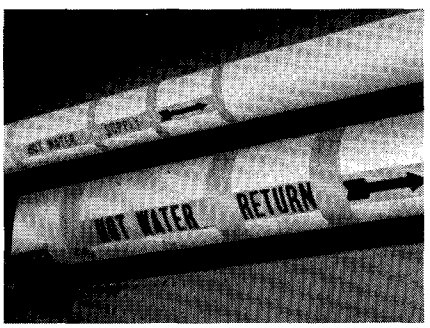

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believe that the Hungarians are more clever and independent than Mr. Molnar is willing to admit.

With the implementation of the New Economic Mechanism, Hungarians are free not only to work for a state enterprise, but to form their own enterprises. The point is that Hungarians, not Soviets, are learning their lessons from the West. They are doing their best to incorporate capitalism into the stodgy and constricting framework that Communism offers.

Rather than criticize Hungary, I give it kudos for exercising its national pride and predilection for survivorship despite the historical odds working against it.

Pat Forner
Budapest

What First?

I haven't been reading *NR* lately, since I've been holding down two part-time jobs to supplement my regular(ly dwindling) income. But I did read the December 10 issue, and I was surprised by your "Kemp-Roth III" editorial, recommending another quick dose of the Kemp-Roth-Reagan quack medicine.

People such as myself in the small-business sector find that the Kemp-Roth-Reagan tax cuts have compensated neither for loss of personal income nor for decrease/disappearance of business profits. And the tax cuts have failed utterly to accomplish their immediate objective—increased business investment.

More of the same recession medicine now will lead only to higher budget deficits and on to higher interest rates, not to economic recovery. We need an economic stimulus, but not one that will keep interest rates high, killing investment.

The stimulus the economy needs is monetary expansion—for the Fed to go back to basing money-supply expansion/contraction on interest-rate levels, not on inflation rates or predetermined money-growth levels.

As for the "philosophical" problem of growth of government, in the real world nothing will lead to a growing government more than continued recession. Money expansion will provide the much-needed stimulus for business investment without government growth—and the economic growth resulting will lead to higher government revenues while tax rates are reduced later in the year.

Please, gentlemen, let us have a chance to enjoy our tax breaks—by first having a chance to produce the income to be taxed.

Jim Clark
Arlington, Tex.

U.S.-USSR/RSSU-S.U.

I read with great satisfaction the *NR* editorial "Hope Dies Eternal," dealing with the widespread naïve expectations about

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the possibility of more normal relations with the "new" Soviet leadership headed by a "closet liberal," Yuri Andropov ["The Week," Dec. 24].

I don't believe, however, that the perennial hopes of a "fresh start" with the Soviets are mainly due to the fact that "America is itself a country of optimism." I can assure you that similar illusions were and still are prevalent also in Europe. I am speaking from personal experience, since I am a native of Prague, Czechoslovakia, where I completed a JD (Charles University Law School) before coming to the U.S. in 1947.

My work in this country has been devoted to virtually a single topic: the study of Marxism-Leninism, Russian and Soviet history, and aims and intentions of the so-called Soviet state. I am sure that James Burnham would agree with my view that our inability to deal with the Communist phenomenon stems from woeful misperceptions, not by average Americans or Europeans but by the so-called Soviet experts on both continents. Their inclination to "mirror-imaging" has produced a number of false theories about the USSR—the most notorious being the convergence theory.

Today Western mirror-imaging of Soviet behavior has reached epidemic proportions, especially in the media, and is being exploited by Soviet disinformation specialists. More than one short editorial in *NR* is needed to counter the mirror-image fallacy, which the former deputy director of the CIA, retired Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, identified in a recent congressional hearing as one of our greatest handicaps in analyzing Soviet-Communist behavior.

Charles T. Baroch
Chevy Chase, Md.

Heath Hailed

For the first time a year ago I had the enjoyable privilege of reading a delightful account of the Heath family Christmas by Aloïse Buckley Heath; and again that great joy was repeated with another chapter this year ["A Trapp Family Christmas," Dec. 24]. I found it so luscious, I had to read it twice to enjoy its savoriness; and then went back for several extra special treats. So the question is, Why is the book in which this delightful saga is told out of print? Seems like gillions of people around the world would love to give *Mrs. Major Goes to Hell* as a Xmas gift to mothers who would savor it. So . . .

Sara Weinstein
Los Angeles, Calif.

Cuban Travelers

We would appreciate a correction of your November 26 editorial paragraph ["The Week"] on Miguel Suárez, an American cit-

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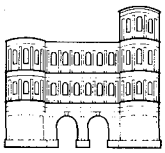

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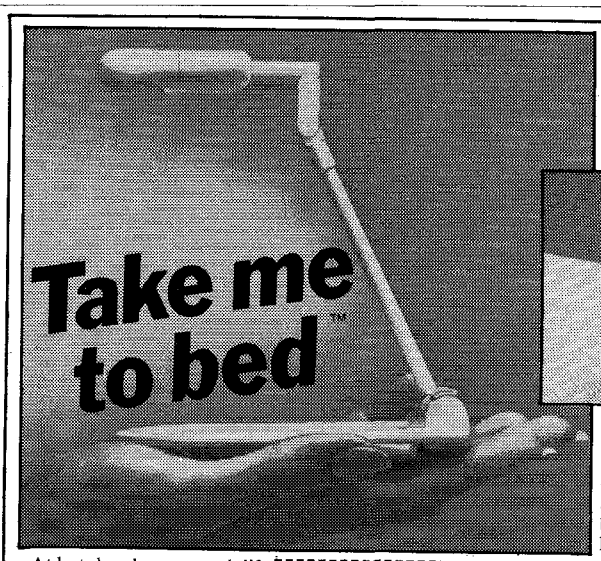

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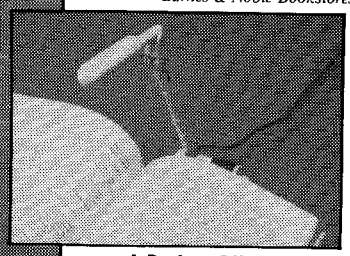

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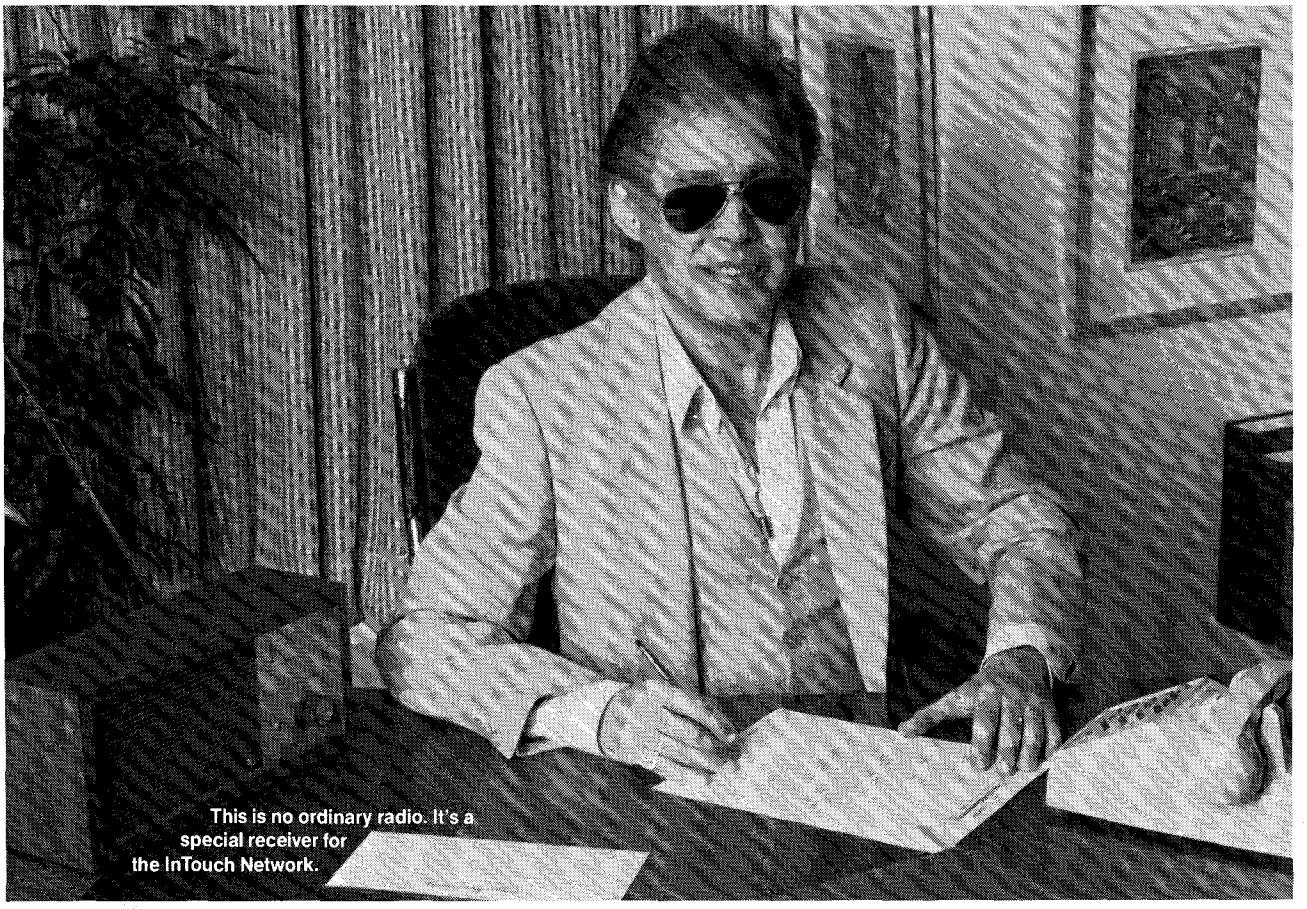
"If you think all blind and handicapped people want to be taken care of ... you're out of touch."



"My name is Sam Sperber. I went blind five years ago.

"But today, I'm far from helpless. In fact, I run a successful business. And, instead of depending on society for support, I contribute to the support of our society.

"There are two ways you can help a lot of other blind and otherwise handicapped people to do the same:

1. Turn to page one of this magazine. Read every article aloud. Every word, cover to cover. Then start with today's newspapers, including the grocery ads. Then... well, I think you get the idea.	**2.** Support InTouch Networks.

"InTouch is a volunteer, non-profit organization which reads newspapers, magazines and books to visually and physically handicapped individuals. It broadcasts in the Tri-State New York metropolitan area, over closed circuit radio, 146 hours a week. Special receivers are provided free of charge to listeners. But the receivers cost InTouch $75 each. So, we need your support.

"And if you know anyone in the New York metropolitan area who could take advantage of the service provided by InTouch Networks, write or call for an application."

For more information, contact:
InTouch Networks, Inc., 322 West 48th Street, Suite NR, New York, New York 10036, (212)586-5588.

in-touch networks, inc.
To help the handicapped help themselves.

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izen born in Cuba, in which several inaccuracies appeared or were implied.

The paragraph implies that Mr. Suárez was in jail in Cuba as of the date of publication. In fact, he was released on August 31, 1982.

The paragraph states that "the State Department has yet to issue a warning to would-be travelers to Cuba, especially those born in Cuba" that they may be jailed.

In fact, the department's December 1981 publication entitled *Tips for Travelers to Cuba* states clearly that "while the U.S. Government insists on its right and duty to represent the interests of all its citizens, regardless of the way such citizenship was obtained, the Cuban government generally refuses such representation on behalf of persons it considers to have Cuban nationality. Thus U.S. officials have not been allowed access to U.S. citizens of Cuban origin who have been detained by Cuban authorities." In addition, an October 1, 1982 insert in the Cuba brochure further elaborates and "cautions American citizens who may be considered by the government of Cuba as Cuban citizens, that they may encounter difficulties while traveling in Cuba. In recent months some Cuban-Americans, who traveled to Cuba on Cuban passports, have been detained and incarcerated by Cuban authorities. Because Cuban authorities consider Cuban-Americans to be Cuban citizens and do not recognize their American citizenship, Cuban-Americans who are detained or arrested in Cuba are denied the right of access to American consular officials."

A revised edition of the Cuba travel publication, to be published in the spring of 1983, will continue to warn all Americans who travel to Cuba about critical problems they may encounter during their visit to that country. Americans of Cuban origin should pay particular attention to this warning.

Diego C. Asencio
Assistant Secretary of State
for Consular Affairs
Washington, D.C.

Claiming California

"California . . . belonged to Mexico longer than it has belonged to the U.S." ["The Week," Dec. 24]. Really?

California has been American since 1847, i.e., 135 years. Mexico had been governing California since April 1822 (shortly after the country of Mexico came into existence), i.e., 25 years. If you prefer to date "Mexican" possession of California back to the first Spanish settlement in California (San Diego, 1769), that would give "Mexico" a total of 78 years of ownership.

Philip Rasch
Orange, Calif.

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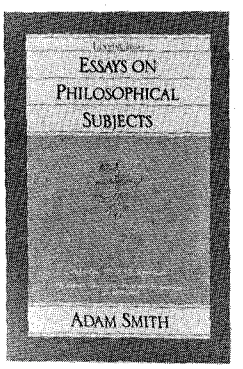


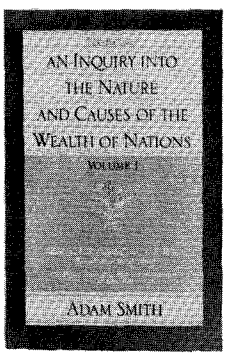
Essays on Philosophical Subjects

By Adam Smith

The Glasgow Edition

General Editors: D. D. Raphael and A. S. Skinner

The collection of Smith's writings entitled *Essays on Philosophical Subjects* was first published posthumously in 1795. It includes "The History of Astronomy" and "Of the External Senses," as well as essays on art, poetry, ancient science, and other subjects. Softcover only $5.50.



The Wealth of Nations
(In Two Volumes)

By Adam Smith

The Glasgow Edition

General Editors: R. H. Campbell and A. S. Skinner
Textual Editor: W. B. Todd

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Did Algebra Have Your Number When You Were In High School?

If so you weren't alone. And, of course, it's still giving students nightmares; causing even good students to avoid higher math like the plague; causing frustration among the best of teachers. Why?

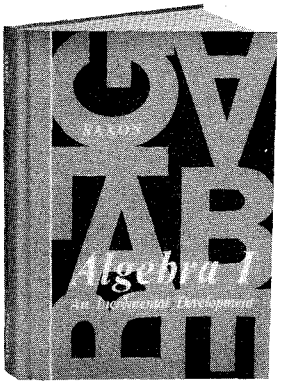
Simply put, algebra is the basic language of all mathematics beyond simple arithmetic, and the problem begins (and too often ends) with the initial exposure to the subject. After one year of algebra, as it is currently being taught, few students are adequately prepared to handle courses involving more advanced mathematics of any kind. And they know it. So they don't take them. And we're faced with a shortage of people possessing the very skills necessary to make a modern technological society work.

But one man, believe it or not, has discovered a way to turn this situation around. As *Time* magazine reported (December 21, 1981), John Saxon (West Point graduate, decorated combat pilot, engineering instructor, U.S. Air Force Academy, retired), now a math teacher at a junior college in Oklahoma, discovered that his students could not remember what he taught them from one week to the next, much less from the beginning of the term to the end, and that this condition was not unique. The culprit, he finally decided, was neither student nor teacher but the textbooks being used. So he wrote his own. His idea was to produce a readable text written in simple, clear prose that anyone could understand, incorporating continuous review. The material would be presented in small linked units instead of the usual division into chapters; and there would be plenty of complete, easy-to-grasp explanations. He has succeeded brilliantly, as independent test results show.*

The textbook is now being used in over five hundred school systems and, wherever it is used, students' algebra scores have increased dramatically. This is true for *all* students, whether of low, middle, or high ability. In short, Saxon's synthesis of traditional practice and drill with the fundamentals of modern algebraic theory—taught clearly—is an alternative that *works*.

The basic textbook, Algebra 1, has now been supplemented by two others—Algebra 1½, a follow-on book; and Algebra ½, a pre-algebra book—the three intended to be used in series. The books are available now at prices and locations listed below. This is a wonderful opportunity (perhaps a challenge?) for all concerned parents, teachers, schools, and, of course, *students*. So take this opportunity to banish the algebra/mathematics bugaboo for good. Act now while prices remain at this modest level.

	Algebra 1	Algebra 1½	Algebra ½
For teachers, schools, and retail outlets	$10.88 plus handling = $13.00	$11.88 plus handling = $14.00	$ 9.00 plus handling = $11.22
All others	$14.51 plus handling = $16.63	$15.51 plus handling = $17.63	$12.00 plus handling = $14.12



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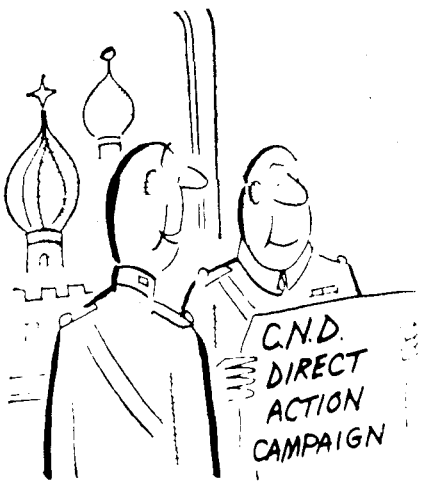
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's open war on the Hill. When the smoke cleared away not only Rep. **Phil Gramm** had been ousted from influential Budget Committee, but also every other Democratic conservative, including Rep. **John Breaux** (La.), another of last year's prominent Boll Weevils. While the Boll Weevils were knocked out, such moderate Southerners and leadership loyalists as **Butler Derrick** (S.C.), **Martin Frost** (Tex.), **Bill Boner** (Tenn.), and **Ronnie Flippo** (Ala.) were rewarded by seats on major committees. Said one member of Steering and Policy Committee to *New York Times*: "On Budget we were looking for political philosophy. It makes a difference in what is finally shaped." . . . In an interview with *Manhattan Report* last October, Gramm warned that by demanding uniformity in thought (i.e., liberal nostrums), the Democratic Party was in danger of becoming "a minority party." Should he be ousted, he said, then "I'm riding my donkey off into the sunset following **Thomas Jefferson**. . . . I'm on Jefferson's side. I don't know who these other boys are following, but in my opinion they're going down the wrong road."

■ In February, the curtain goes up officially for Democratic presidential hopefuls **Alan Cranston**, **Gary Hart**, **Walter Mondale**, **Reubin Askew**, all of whom will set up campaign committees that month. Right now, everyone agrees it's Mondale first, **Glenn** second, field scattered. . . . Not mentioned by any of the seven Democrats who turned up at Sacramento convention a few days ago—Mondale, Glenn, Hart, Cranston, **Udall**, **Hollings**, and **Bumpers**—were: Soviet aggression in Afghanistan and Poland, the destabilization caused by Soviet SS-20 missiles in Europe. . . . On Republican side, a soon-to-be-released **Gallup** will show **George Bush** in lead if **Reagan** decides not to run in '84. Among Republicans Bush is ahead 36 to 21 for **Howard Baker**, 7 for **Jack Kemp**, and 6 for **Robert Dole**. . . . Dole, who took a lot of flak last fall for masterminding multibillion-dollar tax hike, has come out firmly against Administration suggestion of automatic tax hike in 1986 if deficit goes beyond a pre-determined figure. "I don't look favorably on a standby tax increase," says Dole. "I doubt if Congress would look kindly on that." Rep. **Barber Conable**, ranking Republican on Ways and Means, agrees with Dole on this one.



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

". . . and we direct *it*!"

■ ADA is more dyspeptic than usual at behavior of U.S. Senate in 1982: the senators "behaved like presidential puppets," they're "President Reagan's marionettes," with, of course, a few honorable exceptions. Three Democrats scored 100 per cent on twenty key ADA votes: **Bill Bradley** (N.J.), **Christopher Dodd** (Conn.), **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio). The three Republicans at the opposite end, with zeros, were: Sens. **Jesse Helms** and **John East** (N.C.), and **Mack Mattingly** (Ga.). . . . It's hard to believe, given the evening news, but not since 1972 have Americans been so encouraged about prospects for the current year. On question: "So far as you are concerned, do you think that 1983 will be better or worse than 1982?," 50 per cent said better, only 32 worse. That was last topped in '72 when it was 57 better to 22 worse.

■ In the news: Former U.S. Ambassador to Chile **Nathaniel Davis** and several others have filed a $150-million libel suit against Universal City Studios, director **Constantine Costa-Gavras**, and Harcourt Brace. They claim they were libeled in the movie *Missing* and the book from which it was made. . . . **Emile de Antonio**, maker of anti-American films *Point of Order* (on **Joe McCarthy**), *In the Year of the Pigs* (Vietnam), is having no luck placing his newest, *In the King of Prussia* (about the trial of the Plowshares Eight, starring **Phil** and **Daniel Berrigan**), on U.S. television. But de Antonio expects he will get it on Italian, Dutch, French, and German TV. . . . On peace front, Swedish Prime Minister **Olof Palme** charges in Algerian paper *El Moudajahid* that Reagan is "captive of this insane idea" that he can win a nuclear war. . . . Communist columnist **William Pomeroy** says at least fifty million Russians paraded for peace in '82, failing to mention that genuine Soviet pacifists—who insist the USSR also disarm—ended in the poky.

■ Only in **Khomeini**'s Iran: Two Australian diplomats have been expelled from Iran for "humiliating and insulting behavior." Their offense? They asked two women applying for visas to Australia for photographs—of their uncovered faces.

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THE WEEK

■ BOB DOLE MOVES LEFT. "As the 1970s progressed, evidence of change began to appear in Senator Dole. . . . [His] turnaround may have reflected a new awareness of poverty . . ." (*New York Times.*)

■ PHIL GRAMM MOVES RIGHT. "He failed third, seventh, and ninth grades." (*Washington Post.*)

■ This is the year we are scheduled, finally, to get a Reagan tax cut—the previous income-tax reductions being more than offset by other federal tax increases. But according to Paul Craig Roberts, former assistant Treasury secretary for economic policy, 69 per cent of the income-tax cut planned for 1982-87 was wiped out before it was ever passed, by Social Security hikes and bracket creep. Another 23 per cent was eradicated by last year's Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act, which works out to a $229-billion tax hike and a good deal more fiscal responsibility than the country can stand. The remaining cut is $71 billion, over five years—*if* Congress can keep its hands off even that small sum for half a decade. So much for supply-side economics: it was never tried. So much for Reaganomics: it wasn't tried either. So much for the voters' mandate to bring the bureaucracy under control and slash taxes. Is anybody minding the store, or does the country's entire economic policy boil down to bleeding taxpayers?

■ Michael Straight, newly confessed former Communist, has taken sharp issue with *New York Times* columnist William Safire for describing him as "a Red under the bed" who chose to "deride Joe McCarthy for looking for Reds under the bed." "Utterly false," says Straight. "In my book on McCarthy, *Trial by Television*, and in editorials in *The New Republic*, I condemned the Communist Party as a source of subversion and espionage. My criticisms of McCarthy were identical to those made by the *New York Times.*" He also says he knew very little about Guy Burgess's spy work—"insufficient to provide the basis for prosecution" against either Burgess or Anthony Blunt. Well, big deal. He knew enough to tip off the FBI had he wanted to, and he certainly knew enough that his railings against McCarthy (we take his words as admission, without having yet checked the record, that he was at least as strident as the *Times*) were hypocritical. Straight stands as an object lesson in liberalism's permeability to the Communist enterprise. As witness the liberal community's sang-froid at Straight's revelations.

■ From the time it came into office, the Reagan Administration has been working for congressional approval of Radio Martí, a station based in the U.S., that would broadcast to the Cuban people information routinely denied them by the Castro government. Last summer, the Democratic-controlled House approved a measure authorizing $7.5 million for the station's establishment. But the Republican-controlled Senate dragged its feet until the final days of the lame-duck session. Led by concerted Democratic opposition, the Senate declined to support a move to waive procedural rules and report the bill to the Senate floor. Senator Jesse Helms waged a gallant fight for Radio Martí, but he was overcome by the Democrats and an acquiescent Republican leadership.

■ Considering the way the media like to pick out the odd characters at anti-busing and anti-abortion rallies ("One demonstrator at the rally wore a button, 'WHITE IS ALSO BEAUTIFUL' "), it's remarkable they haven't noticed David Thorstad at gay-rights marches. After all, a Marxist-Leninist advocate of legalized pederasty should make even the *Village Voice* do a double take, right? Thorstad served with Bertrand Russell's war-crimes outfit, wrote for the Socialist Workers Party newspaper, *The Militant*, for several years, thinks "boy-lovers" may be better for "their children" than the parents, regards the family as an abomination, thinks parents should not have the right to circumcise their children (or keep them against their will), and now serves as spokesman for the North American Man/Boy Love Association. Then again, the *New York Times*, the ACLU, and the Supreme Court have been taking the position that what children do, sex- and abortion-wise, is none of their parents' business. So maybe Thorstad doesn't really stand out in a crowd the way he used to. Society seems to be catching up with him.

■ If the government tightens up on student loans does it mean an end to high-quality post-secondary education for the middle and lower-middle classes? Yes, say the educationists, the teachers' lobbies, the media. But America was built on ingenuity, and the colleges are

Let's Tax Health Insurance Premiums

A trial balloon's a cranky thing.
Sometimes opinion makes it swing.
Sometimes it rises, while, again,
Sometimes one simply says, "Amen."
That's Baker on the White House lawn.
He pumps while Meese holds back the dawn.

W. H. VON DREELE

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DO SOMETHING ABOUT DRUNK DRIVING.

A drunk driver is like a loaded gun, with you as the target. Every 20 minutes on average the gun takes aim. And another life is tragically lost.

Drunk driving costs us 800,000 accidents a year, and 25,000 needless deaths. It adds hundreds of millions of dollars to the insurance premiums we all pay.

Something must be done.

The property and casualty insurance industry is helping. As a first step, we've assembled the facts you need to know about which preventive measures work, and which ones don't.

Tougher drunk driving laws alone are not the answer. The more severe the penalties, the more reluctant judges and juries are to impose them.

Instead, new approaches are attacking the problem at its source: the attitudes of potential offenders and of society at large. Drinking before driving must become a social stigma, instead of a socially acceptable form of homicide.

There are signs that this change in attitude is beginning to take shape. And there are ways that all of us—governments, community groups, concerned individuals—can help the change happen faster.

Our latest report, *Drunk Driving: A Killer We Can Stop*, explains what each of us can do in the life-or-death battle against drunk driving.

We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.

DO IT.

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now responding creatively to the cash crunch. Dartmouth's plan to float state bonds was recently outlined here. In Wisconsin, Beloit College has come up with its solution, which is to tell all scholarship students this year that they will be expected, as alumni, to donate to the college as much as they have received. This, it is hoped, will form the nucleus of a revolving fund to help future scholarship students. The response has been tremendous: alumni and corporate donations have doubled this year, and the *Christian Science Monitor* reports that former scholarship students have been writing the college in droves to ask what they owe.

■ *The China Syndrome*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Coming Home*, *Missing*—and now *E.T.*, *Endangered Species* (about a plot by right-wingers to develop biological and chemical warfare devices in Colorado), a forthcoming movie based on E. L. Doctorow's literary paean to the Rosenbergs, and another on the Karen Silkwood case . . . "In the peculiar fraternity of film critics," Richard Grenier writes in the January *Commentary*, "the recognition seems to be spreading that 'quality' films in general have become heavily politicized. And so too have many mass-market, popular films." Ever since the Thirties filmmakers in the United States have often used their celluloid as a wrapping for political statements. Increasingly, however, the message is becoming the medium, as the movies serve less as a mirror of "middle-class" sex and fantasies and more as reflection of the political and power fantasies of "intellectuals." Every man to his own opiate, but why the heck do they call it entertainment?

■ The year 1987 will be the bicentennial of the framing of the United States Constitution. It would be an appropriate occasion for national celebration and, above all, renewed understanding. In 1976 we celebrated the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence, and it turned out to be an inspiriting event involving tall ships, battle re-enactments, fireworks, and much good feeling. The Constitution was an achievement of an altogether different magnitude. "The American Constitution," said Gladstone, "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." In the last half of the eighteenth century, there appeared in those colonies, with a population of less than four million, a galaxy of talent comparable to that of Renaissance Italy, Augustan Rome, or ancient Athens: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, Henry, Marshall, the Adamses. In 1987 we should recover and understand that past in order to extend it into the twenty-first century.

■ The Non-Aligned Nations (and the Aligned Non-Nations), meeting in Managua, adopted a resolution worked out by Panama (pop.: two million), Venezuela (pop.: 15 million), Colombia (pop.: 27 million), and Mexico (debt: $80 billion) whereby the Big Bad Wolf (us) was enjoined from annoying Nicaragua (prison pop.: unk.). A proposal by Cuba (prison pop.: double unk.) to endorse mischief in El Salvador (Cuban pop.: growing) was replaced by a proposal marginally less mischievous. Britain (same constitution since 1215) was told to make way for Argentina (same constitution since 1976) in the *Malvinas* (same constitution never); Israel was told to get out of *America Latina* (we didn't understand it either); the World *Banco* was told to shake more *pesos* into the pockets of *wastrels* (see above, *passim*). A good time was had by all. The next meeting, all luxury accommodations, is set for India (*yes please*).

■ The good news is that martial law has been lifted in Poland. The bad news is that Communism is back. An American reporter has been arrested and expelled, Lech Walesa has been denied his old job, and the police are still rounding up dissidents. (More than 1,500 are still in jail.) The Reagan Administration is rumored to be preparing to lift sanctions against the puppet regime as a reward for this fluctuation in tyranny. If so, it will be taking the advice of the *New York Times*, which counsels us to recognize the "reality" of Soviet domination of Poland—and thereby help set that reality in concrete.

■ DEATH PENALTY CONDEMNED IN PAPAL SPEECH. DEATH PENALTY HIT BY POPE. So ran the typical headlines.

"I'd love to offer you a cup of coffee, Marcia, but with the kids in private school, Ed and I have had to cut back a bit."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

On the eve of his State of the Union address and his Budget Message, Ronald Reagan finds himself adrift in a torrent of Washington talk to the effect that he has lost the power to govern, that the bottom has fallen out of his Presidency, that there is a vacuum of presidential leadership, that the Chief Executive has "detached" himself from his responsibilities, that Reaganism is being "phased out" through the active collaboration of his senior aides and Hill leaders. Anthony Lewis started the snowball rolling with his pithy and cruel Reagan "ideological fantasyland" column. The respected David Broder, followed by Haynes Johnson, enlarged the snowball in the *Washington Post*, and the *Wall Street Journal*'s bureau chief here, Norman (Mike) Miller, gave it velocity. With skirts held high, the *New York Times* tiptoed through the slush, editorializing that "the stench of failure hangs over Ronald Reagan's White House."

It is true that every President at mid-term, first term, goes into a slump, and the media goes into a spree. In February 1971, *Newsweek* raised the specter that R. Nixon had lost control, but later in that same year *Time* named him Man of the Year. The question at hand is whether the situation today is different: whether it is more ferocious.

The stated causes of the current alarm over Mr. Reagan are structural deficits, unemployment, alleged (by the Right mostly) zigzagging on policy, the MX/dense-pack fiasco, the dismissals of Eugene Rostow and Richard Starr, Richard Schweiker's resignation, and the offloading of decision-making onto the Bipartisan Commissions (Social Security and MX). In addition, the President has been afflicted by a rash of lesser embarrassments, like the gag-rule on the press announced and enforced by Reagan's two arch-leakers, and Mike Deaver's diet book written while holding one of the highest offices in the land.

To quell the attacks, Mr. Reagan held a short, midday press conference (January 14) at which he ably thrust, parried, and bought time. Like the jettisoning of raw viands from the sled, it worked. The predators were slowed. But everyone here is counting the days until the State of the Union, when, it is felt, it may be feeding time again. The smell of blood is still in the Washington air, and an ominous lull hangs over the city. Although the truth of the matter is that Mr. Reagan's presidential performance to date warrants no such press onslaught, and that this ferocity only further proves Walter Lippmann's maxim that the Washington press corps runs in a pack, the President is now facing a unique political crisis. He must get over the State of the Union/Budget obstacle and, like leaping across a ravine, he must do it in one jump. The content and style of both public offerings must have qualities of assertion and initiative that Mr. Reagan has rarely been able to summon so far.

There is a kernel (10 per cent) of truth in the criticism that Mr. Reagan is "detached" from his presidential office. Eisenhower would say to his staff (in effect): These are my policies, now give me programs to implement them. Reagan says to his staff: Give me some programs, and I'll tell you whether they fit my policies. So much initiative is thereby handed to the policy contenders around him—the "pragmatists" on the one hand (James Baker, Mike Deaver, Richard Darman, and David Gergen) and the "ideologues" on the other (Ed Meese and Bill Clark)—that in-fighting supplants initiative, and the situation spins out of control. Meanwhile, the President appears to the press and public as absent from the hurly-burly, off at Camp David with his boots, spurs, and sheepskin jacket. Instead of Mr. Reagan running the White House staff, it looks like the White House staff is running him.

Reagan's mid-term crisis, then, is no less than the recapturing of his Presidency. It will not be easy because the press corps, having weighed in with such hyperbole against him, are so overcommitted in their anti-Reagan positions, before their peers and their readers (constituents) alike, that their vanity—worse than that of politicians—will make it hard for them to recant. —CATO

What the Pope said, in the course of a four-thousand-word speech, was that "in its humanitarian concern, the Holy See is prompted to recommend clemency and mercy for those condemned to death, especially those who have been condemned for political motives." The last clause supplies the context, as does the audience to which the speech was addressed: the Vatican diplomatic corps, composed, in part, of the representatives of countries where the opposition is treated even worse than Republicans are in Massachusetts. The first clause restates an old papal concern, mercy. False alarm.

■ What you didn't hear last fall was the usual unholy caterwauling from the United Nations General Assembly, which went about its business sensibly and soberly. It condemned the Soviet Union on Afghanistan, it refused to declare Puerto Rico a colony, it didn't seat Hanoi's puppet in Kampuchea, and it gave only nine votes to the Iranian proposal to expel Israel. A reflection in part of its more moderate leadership, under Secretary General Pérez de Cuéllar, and in part of a new U.S. toughness that included the threat to pull out of the General Assembly if Israel wasn't seated. Starting the new year right, the Reagan Administration is refusing to pay its assessment for the new Law of the Sea Treaty, which America has refused to ratify.

■ Soviet theoreticians have arrived at a dialectical definition of alcoholism, viz., it is the transition stage between Socialism and Communism.

■ The *Washington Post*'s Sunday *Parade* magazine has published a poll, taken by Jack Anderson, involving 51 foreign-policy experts. The question before the house: Who are the world's worst rulers? The Ayatollah walked off with first-place honors, edging out Muammar Qaddafi. Our own Ronald Reagan finished a respectable 12th (for some reason, *Parade* chose not to include him among the dozen mugs on the cover). Only one Communist ruler, Leonid Brezhnev, came in ahead of—or worse than—Reagan (ninth). Pol Pot could do no better than 13th. He's

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Dark Thoughts

It may be what was wound up won't unwind.
The socialism savored by the Swedes
Lumps those ahead with those who fall behind,
And now they're happy with communal feeds.
The road not taken silently recedes.
Cassandras at the crossways crying, "Stop!"
Are slowly disappearing in the weeds
Along with vacant factory and shop.
It's hard to halt the wobble in a top
When few recall the glory of the spin.
The kids go limp considering a swap
From where they are to where they might have been.
The little train still says, "I think I can,"
But only when you travel in Japan.

W. H. VON DREELE

going to have to learn to crack the whip if he means to overtake Reaganomics.

■ LEARNING TO LIVE WITH OPEC AND LIKE IT DEPT. Guess who's blasting alternative lifestyle ecofreaks and their wood stoves? The Audubon Society. Because of the smoke pollution, destruction of wildlife habitats, and ecological risks of burning wood.

■ "Now Mr. President," cooed a lady reporter as he left a recent press conference, "you're going to be pragmatic and support ERA this time, aren't you?" So *that's* what "pragmatic" means.

■ Former Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny has departed this realm for another where the crops never fail.

Reagan: Comeback Time

Throughout his political career, first as governor, then as presidential candidate, and now as President of the United States, Ronald Reagan has exhibited to a greater degree than any other modern politician a pattern that might be described in the language of Arnold Toynbee as "withdrawal and return." This pattern could also be described as periods of relative passivity followed by the re-establishment of mastery.

The pattern is illustrated in Reagan's 1979-80 political performance. At the beginning of this phase, Reagan placed himself in the hands of managers who understood the details of politics but not its poetry, and who appeared to think they were running a repeat of the Nixon primary campaign of 1968—which was well suited to Nixon. They *protected* Reagan; kept him away from the voters and the press. They "moderated" his image. His kick-off speech, in New York, contained such electrifying material as a proposal for some sort of U.S.-Mexico-Canada consortium—just the kind of thing that really turns the voters on. It took the Iowa caucus loss and continued staff in-fighting for Reagan to move into decisive action.

He finally noticed that there were people on his staff who, fundamentally, did not respect him, did not understand his political gifts, and hoped to ride to the White House on conventional gimmickry. Reagan fired them. In a great symbolic deed, he seized the microphone in Nashua, N.H. From then on he campaigned tirelessly, burying the Republican opposition and, in due course, Jimmy Carter.

In his best-selling book *Reagan*, Lou Cannon uses a colorful comparison to dramatize this trait of his protagonist:

> Once, in a memo to my editors at the *Washington Post*, I compared Ronald Reagan to a big, lackadaisical tackle I had known on my football team in a high school. The "book" on this player, although it was not a word we used then, was to leave him alone, treat him politely, and pick him up if you happened to block him. He was a competent enough player, but of limited range, and no particular menace when he was left alone. If you blocked him from behind or did something he thought was unfair to make him angry, he dominated the field of play. Reagan is like that. He is no menace to his opponents sitting in a plane and working on his five-by-seven cards and taking his naps. But he is a helluva candidate when aroused, and he wiped out Bush in the debate that night. Bush's managers knew it, too, even if Bush didn't. Two days later, Bush's press secretary, Peter Teeley, gave his candidate an irreverent and accurate update: "The bad news is that the media is playing up the confrontation. The good news is that they're ignoring the debate, and you lost that, too."

Let us continue the football metaphor for a moment. Reagan must know today that he is not only being hit from behind, but that he is being kicked in the groin, and that people are poking their fingers into his eyes. But here the football metaphor breaks down. On the gridiron there are officials, but in this struggle for power there is no referee to fling a handkerchief on the grass and hand a 15-yard penalty to Dan Rather, James Reston, and the other merry wreckers. It is high time for Reagan to end the withdrawal phase and get on with the return.

By now, Mr. Reagan must realize that he has accrued absolutely no political credit for the $90-billion tax increase engineered by those "pragmatists" temporarily beloved of the media, and he looks to be accruing zero political credit for the new tax on gasoline. The tax rises aren't working in economic terms either, and upon sensible analysis could not. Their effect upon the deficit will be trivial. If anything, they will be a small drag upon the recovery.

The adumbrations of the recovery are there for

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anyone to see. Things will look different during the summer of 1983. Inflation and interest rates are down, auto and housing sales are rising sharply, and the stock market is doing well. Buyers and investors feel the stirrings in the economy, even if the "pragmatists" do not.

Turning to foreign affairs, the State Department is once again up to its old tricks. In the interest of "good relations" with the USSR, formerly known as detente, instructions have gone out to downplay the KGB's role in the attempt to assassinate the Pope. American representatives are now to forbear mentioning, any more, embarrassments to detente like poison gas and germ warfare. When yellow rain falls in Cambodia and Afghanistan, when an anthrax factory blows up in Sverdlovsk, we are to avert our gaze.

The age of euphemism returns, athwart the lonely gladiatorial performance of UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick.

We can, to be sure, negotiate with the Soviets about weapons, but we cannot shrink from ideological warfare against the proprietors of the Gulag. From a political perspective, arms negotiations—properly conducted—can make the political warfare all the more effective. The "pragmatists" could not re-elect Gerald Ford in 1976. Their favored candidates went down to ignominious defeat in the 1980 primaries. The "pragmatists" cannot re-elect President Reagan in 1984.

Reagan has been like Achilles in his tent, but the time for the return is at hand. Against the real Achilles, Hector had little chance at all.

Social Security: The Compromise

A plea of political necessity is the Reagan Administration's only reasonable defense of the bipartisan Social Security compromise announced January 15. Such a plea is more plausible in this case than it was last year in the case of the Dole tax bill and the gasoline tax. The reason is that the Social Security fund, which now loses $17,000 a minute, was slated to go broke even if its borrowing authority was renewed, in the spring of 1984, just in time for election-year grandstanding. Democrats in Congress were perfectly prepared to wait until the zero hour, pass a bill bailing out the system by hiking taxes and dipping into general revenues, and then invite Reagan to veto it—leaving him the choice of letting retirees go checkless during the Florida primary or giving the Democrats everything they wanted.

Instead, he has escaped with giving them only a lot of what they wanted. Representative Claude Pepper, spokesman for what William Safire calls geezer power, and antipode of all sense and reason, is pleased with the results. "All the people who campaigned against cutting benefits can conscientiously say that there has been no cutting," he says. Pepper, who as chairman of the House Rules Committee was widely considered willing and able to bankrupt the Treasury rather than surrender one jot or tittle of promised future benefits, played the role of the bad cop softening up Republican negotiators (Senator Moynihan was the conciliatory good cop). With power like that, wouldn't you like to be a Pepper too?

The compromise includes the following:

Back-door general-revenue financing. This would be accomplished in at least three ways. First, a couple of the tax boosts, including the whopping increase in the self-employment tax and the acceleration of the 1985 tax hike to 1984, would be refunded (partly and wholly, respectively) through the income-tax system. When President Carter proposed a similar scheme in 1980, Congress said no; its leaders have never been willing to break the link between receipts and payments, fearing that to tap general revenues would be to endanger the independence of the system, turn it decisively away from insurance and toward welfare principles, and eventually place a staggering burden on the general taxpayer.

The second incursion into general revenues is a provision that would funnel the income-tax hike on well-to-do pensioners directly into Social Security coffers. The third is a lump-sum payment of $18 billion from general revenues to cover certain military retirees.

Turning social insurance into welfare. There are some good arguments for taxing or otherwise taking away the benefits of those well-to-do retirees, even though to do so makes the system more "progressive" and thus penalizes productivity. The best approach would be to begin taxing benefits once a retiree had collected more than he ever paid in, as Peter Peterson proposed in *The New York Review of Books* (see "On the Right," Jan. 21). But the compromise adopts a straight income test instead.

Making the system more compulsory than ever. The affinity of conservative policy for the principle of voluntarism is not just a wistful memory from the Goldwater campaign; it is as new as the Ferrara plan for Social Security reform, which last year captured the interest of Milton Friedman, the Heritage Foundation, and the Cato Institute. The compromise plan, on the other hand, will for the first time conscript employees of nonprofit organizations on board the galley. State and local governments will be prohibited from dropping out, too.

Cutting and delaying benefits. Finally, new federal employees will have to join, although older ones won't have to; if their unions ever succeed in getting compensatory wage hikes, this too will be a drain on general revenues. There will be a six-month pause in cost-of-living adjustments for beneficiaries, a fairly big item in dollar terms ($40 billion) but not a major shift in principle. In 1988, if (as some predict) the

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fund is once again in financial trouble, the indexing base will shift to the lower of wages or prices; but if the fund later recovers, beneficiaries will be entitled to make up the lost ground.

Even moderate Republicans generally sympathetic to the aims of the compromise warn that it is unlikely to solve the system's long-term problems. Senator Pete Domenici says that because the proposals are "about 75 per cent taxes or general-revenue reimbursement," they could make it more difficult for the economy to recover.

Disarmament Options

The director of the Arms Control & Disarmament Agency is charged, under the basic statute, with directing and coordinating ACDA policymaking, subject to guidance by the Secretary of State. Eugene Rostow has been sent packing from that post for overreaching as a policy formulator on his own, neglecting to shape up his agency for its proper staff functions, and getting into an unnecessary impasse at the Capitol over the selection of a deputy. Rostow's valedictory was graceful, but he has been talking too much since—adding to the confirmation problems of his able successor, Kenneth B. Adelman. If he is not to find himself presiding over a non-agency, Adelman will need to remold an oversized outfit that has served too long as a sort of Devil's Island for the State Department. (An ideal way around civil-service regulations would be outright abolition of the ACDA and re-assignment of its responsibilities to a slimmed-down group in the State Department Office of Political and Military Affairs.)

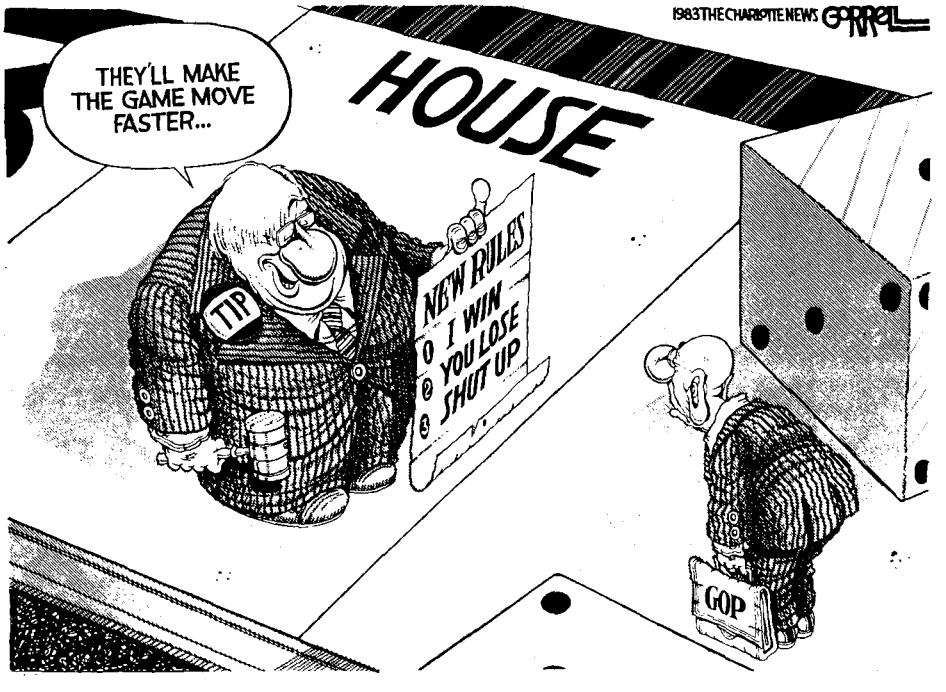
For the time being, coordinating arms control must fall to Secretary Shultz's deputy, Kenneth Damm, and to the President's man for national security, William Clark. The urgency of their task in the weeks ahead is plain: the Geneva negotiations on theater nuclear forces are political dynamite. The U.S. still aches, probably in vain, for the "zero option": no intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe for either side. The Soviet Union is assiduously pressing for an outcome approximating half of that hypothetical formulation—namely, some reduction in numbers of Soviet SS-20s, coupled with a reduction of U.S. weapons to zero. And the combination of Soviet reassurance and threat is increasingly effective among West Germans particularly.

With zero-zero a fading hope, the emerging question is whether our allies will abide by their agreement to deploy 572 U.S. GLCMs and Pershing II missiles. In the event they renege, the U.S. would be faced with the question whether it is prudent to continue to maintain our ground forces in Europe.

A caveat to President Reagan is in order. We should shake loose the two negotiations currently going on in Geneva—the one on theater nuclear forces, and the one on intercontinental nuclear armaments. Soviet obduracy on the latter is a topic for another time. Notwithstanding Ambassador Edward Rowny's flash of optimism on TV recently, prospects for a successful outcome are considerably less than fifty-fifty. The urgent problem is the European theater argument, concerning which a deadline (October 1983) looms. Mr. Reagan should dramatize Soviet hypocrisy.

Cabinet Capers

It is a generally understood fact in Washington that Health and Human Services, née HEW, is a vast and sprawling catastrophe about which nothing much can be done. After Nixon won in 1968, Nixonites were startled when the thitherto sensible Robert Finch requested the HEW post. Finch tried conscientiously to bring the monster under some sort of administrative control, failed abysmally, and required R&R in the White House. His successor, Elliot Richardson, solved the problem by not attempting to do anything at all. And so have the others who have followed him. (Education, separated out and given Cabinet status by Carter as an electoral bribe to the National Education Association, was supposed to be abolished by Reagan. Of course it hasn't been, and it now leads a vigorous



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institutional life of its own.) Perhaps the new Secretary of HHS, Margaret Heckler, will help with the so-called "gender gap," but nothing much else will change. She is a strong opponent of abortion, but otherwise mostly liberal.

The "gender gap" symbolism also attaches to the appointment at Transportation of Elizabeth Dole, spouse of the Kansas tax-raiser. Meanwhile, Drew Lewis, her predecessor and one of the bright young stars of recent Republican politics, has been an outstanding administrator and spokesman for the past two years, and will certainly be heard from again.

Ex Sinistra

Now it's the Canadian bishops' turn to embarrass right-thinking Catholics. A report published at year end by a committee of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops concludes that the nation's unemployment is due to the sins of capitalism.

"Ethical Reflections on the Economic Crisis" calls for "a basic shift in values: the goal of serving the human needs of all people in our society must take precedence over the maximization of profits and growth, and priority must be given to the dignity of human labor, not machines." The solution lies, they assert, in "community ownership and control of industries; new forms of worker management and ownership; and greater use of renewable energy resources in industrial production." Other policy planks include controls on incomes of wealthier Canadians, new taxes that would not apply to poor or middle-income persons, and controls on multinational corporations.

The document, an awkward blend of socialist dogma and an atavistic Catholicism that recalls the forced recantation of Galileo, was swiftly rejected by Toronto's Cardinal Carter. "We are not experts in economics," he noted. "Getting into details of economic policy is ridiculous."

Amen.

Greens and Reds

Question: How is West Germany's Green Party like a tomato? *Answer:* It starts out green and turns red. The riddle is courtesy of Franz Josef Strauss, leader of the conservative Christian Social Union, and it's no joke. When the Greens first appeared on the German scene, back in the mid-Seventies, their love of nature and distaste for conventional party politics caught the fancy of many Germans. But over the years the Greens have gradually come to stand for a lot more than trees. This was never more clear than at their convention in mid-January, less than two months before Germany's nationwide parliamentary elections. At the end of two days of meetings the Greens brought forth a platform whose main plank is far from pastoral: opposition to NATO's planned modernization of theater nuclear weapons.

Though they cultivate the image of political neophytes, the Greens couldn't have timed their move more shrewdly. Their convention ended January 16—the same day that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko began a four-day visit to West Germany.

Using all those years spent at the Kremlin's school of charm to good effect, Mr. Gromyko delivered a message aimed to please as well as to terrify: "In the nuclear age the Federal Republic of Germany and the Soviet Union are, figuratively speaking, in the same boat . . . We cannot ignore the fact that the Federal Republic is the only state due for the deployment of Pershing II rockets that can reach strategic targets deep inside the Soviet Union in a few minutes." Not wanting to interfere in West Germany's internal affairs, Mr. Gromyko didn't go so far as to ask German voters to remember his words when they go to the polls March 6, but of course he didn't have to.

Every German realizes that deployment of the missiles means antagonizing the Soviet Union, which is why, in the weeks before the election, every German party—Christian Democratic and Social Democratic as well as Green—is trying to distance itself from the missiles. The Greens have said what the Social Democrats haven't yet summoned the courage to say: that the Germans find 572 new NATO missiles far more terrifying than the Soviet Union.

Reverse Reverse Discrimination

Two years after President Reagan took office, and one year after the Voting Rights Act and private school tax exemption debacles, the Justice Department is beginning to get its ducks in a row on the issue of reverse discrimination. It has filed legal briefs in two cases on behalf of "color-blind" hiring practices and against race-conscious governance.

Both cases stem from those consent-decree schemes so popular with nervous officials at all levels of government—the schemes whereby they agree to be legally bound to a hiring quota, and the civil-rights lawyers suing them agree to lay off and go sue someone else. (Typically the non-minority workers or students whose opportunities get shrunk are not let into court to defend their interests.) In 1975 Boston agreed to a quota for police and fire-fighters in such a decree, even though a court had found it innocent of any intentional discrimination—which is to say, any discrimination at all. The unions went along, since the plan at least preserved existing jobs. But when Massachusetts tax cuts threatened to turn the hiring quotas into firing quotas, the court ordered Boston to ignore its

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seniority rules and fire a 12-year veteran of the wrong skin color before a two-year veteran of the right. The unions intervened to save the seniority rules, and it is this request that the Justice Department is supporting in the Supreme Court—although on the relatively narrow ground that Congress intended the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to protect valid seniority systems.

In the other case, an appeals court proceeding involving the New Orleans police department, the Justice Department is taking its stand on constitutional grounds. Here the consent decree specifies a rigid fifty-fifty racial quota for promotions. The department points out that not only white males, but also white women and Hispanics of both sexes, will suffer under the plan—since one group's floor is another group's ceiling.

William Bradford Reynolds, the head of the Civil Rights Division, and his deputy Charles Cooper, a former clerk for Justice Rehnquist, deserve credit for finally swinging the weight of the Executive Branch behind the simple, color-blind precept of fairness and justice held by most Americans, including, if many polls are correct, most minority Americans. Over the longer term, Reynolds and Cooper will face a much tougher challenge: cracking open the hundreds of consent decrees, both local and federal, that freeze color-conscious hiring into law around the country.

Real Witches

An investigation by the Heritage Foundation has revealed, incredibly, that the U.S. Government is helping pay for courses in Marxist indoctrination in Nicaragua. The Wisconsin Land Tenure Center has received four-year grants of $1.3 million and $2.8 million from, respectively, the Agency for International Development (AID) and the State Department. "Practically without exception, it is to this group that the State Department turns for information about land reform in developing nations." In all, 80 per cent of the center's funds come from federal taxpayers.

In 1980 the center nominated, and AID approved, a director for its land-reform project in Nicaragua: 35-year-old Jesuit Peter Marchetti, who opined in his dissertation that "Capitalism will not cease to exist or even begin to wither away until the working class replaces the bourgeoisie or any of its substitutes as the leading force in society." Marchetti, writes Heritage analyst David Asman, was "known to most for his work in Chile during the Allende regime," where he joined what he admits were unusual research teams: "Investigation became mixed with activism as social scientists did their research while they participated with other party militants in carrying out political tasks." (The head of the group of activists, according to Marchetti's own account, engaged in armed kidnapping.)

The Bracket Creeps

Tax indexing is on the books,
But frankly, folks, the way it looks,
It won't be there for long because
The Congress wants to gut the laws;
Then government will get to keep
The taxes raised from bracket creep.
So now's the time to make a stink.
It's getting later than you think.

W. H. von Dreele

Once Marchetti was safely installed in Nicaragua on a $43,000 salary from Washington, an AID associate reported, he "began preaching in Managua, attacking U.S. policy in El Salvador," "participated in the anti-American chants and songs" at Sandinista rallies, and so forth. By June 1982, the U.S. Government had spent more than $900,000 to support Marchetti's activities, which included seminars and other support projects for the Sandinista government.

When AID suggested that the center send a second person to Managua to tone down Marchetti's stridency, the center nominated a graduate student who had been chastised by the Latin American Studies Association (LASA) for shouting down a State Department official at the LASA's annual meeting in 1981. Meanwhile, the center was inviting eight Sandinista officials back to Madison, Wis. for seminars on, among other things, "the classical writings of peasant economy: Kautsky, Lenin, and Chayanov." Now AID has handed its review of the center's funding over to a group of academics highly sympathetic to the center and its perspectives. After the expected whitewash, the grants will be renewed.

Notes & Asides

■ Mr. Art Buchwald
c/o *Washington Post*
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art:

Have you heard recently from Hertz? Well, *I* have. And not just a letter, a *package*. A card was enclosed which read: "It is a pleasure to send you the enclosed gift as our way of thanking you for your continued support of the Hertz Corporation. Please accept it with our Best Wishes for a Joyous Holiday Season and a Happy and Prosperous New Year." Signed,

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Frank A. Olson, Chairman. *And* Bennett E. Bidwell, President. The gift, Art, is a most beautiful heavy Lucite paperweight, a facsimile of one-half of a ruler, measuring exactly six inches. My question is, Did *you* receive a gift from Hertz? I doubt that you did, because Hertz has a very good sense of what in this world, and who, are, well . . . Number Two. But perhaps you received a three-inch ruler? I write to extend holiday greetings, and to tell you that if you ever need to borrow my six-inch ruler, I'll be glad to send it along. Or, you can send someone in a Hertz car to pick it up. And don't fret, Art. I hear nothing but the best about you.

Most cordially,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My husband of twenty years has been reading and saving your magazine for longer than I have known him. Considering the clutter, I may divorce him just to gain shelf space. I sometimes browse through NATIONAL REVIEW in a desperate attempt to understand this appeal of such long duration. Finally, I have come to a conclusion. He is watching a clone, a rude Irishman like himself. I am somewhat of an authority on this subject, having been sired by an Irish father, subjected to the verbiage of an Irish brother for 38 years, related to a mind-boggling number of Irish uncles and cousins, and wearied by three Irish sons who delight in jiving me day and night. The point is, no Irish male can shut up until he has not only won the point, but brought his opponent to his or her knees.

Your comment in "Notes & Asides" [Nov. 12] concerning Mr. Pope's dock and your garbage-disposal problem is a perfect example of the Irish penchant for low blows. After testifying to your habit of politeness, you call poor Mr. Pope "small, ugly, and scurrilous."

Really, Mr. Buckley, you should do something about your temper. I do believe you never intended to dump that garbage stealthily. Irish males never insult unless the victim doubles as audience. I believe this trait to be an Irish motto: Never insult unintentionally or unobserved. It must be handed down from father to son since I have yet to greet its absence in this Irish ghetto I dwell in. Strangely, this peculiarity is not at all diluted by being Americanized. My husband is seventh-generation American and still remains master of the short thrust second only to you. I must congratulate you on that comment concerning Mr. Pope's appearance. It is the rudest I have ever come across in print, when the author professes to be a gentleman. Two things I am sure you possess, high blood pressure and a long-suffering wife, but courtesy escapes you.

One thing confuses—would Mr. Pope have angered you less if he were taller? How tall must one be to avoid your bile running over? I leave you with one thought, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Mrs. Pope's heart perhaps pounds faster when his stubby legs approach her doorstep. Think on it.

Cordially,
Margaret M. Cahill
Summit, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Cahill: I fear you are imprisoned by preconceptions, probably about the Irish as a race, and certainly about me as a pedigreed member of the race. I don't have the pleasure of knowing your husband, whom I am sure I'd like and admire. And if he is given to distemper, so in a way was Edmund Burke, and W. B. Yeats: but what beautiful occasional music came of it. Unhappily, I must confess that my mother has no Irish blood, and that my father's grandfather was a (promise not to tell) Irish northerner, though perhaps you will acknowledge that recent events confirm that Ulstermen too have tempers, occasionally used to kill, not insult, Catholic schoolchildren. On the matter of Mr. Pope, it was he who made it a point in his scurrilous (why should I use a euphemism?) interview with the St. John newspaper to describe himself as "not big" and capable of "being ugly." I thought the words "small" and just plain "ugly" more closely described a man who so conducted himself, and you must remember that like some Irish (you know the work of WB's brother, Jack Yeats?) I am an imaginative portraitist. Yours cordially, WFB

P.S. My blood pressure is so low, a doctor years ago advised me to eat chocolate in mid-afternoon, which is why I sound so sweet, so much of the time.

■ Dear Bill:

A communication addressed to your Washington editor . . .

John McLaughlin
WRC-TV, Channel 4
Washington, D.C.

McLaughlin:

You obviously are an arrogant Irish (the worst kind) son of a bitch.

But you and your show have a few redeeming qualities. Thank heavens you are not as pompous as Agronsky. And the show remains spirited thanks to the presence of Novak and Kondracke, although—like you—neither know what the hell he talks about.

But you have excited my interest. So I request (stamped and addressed envelope enclosed) a subscription to that publication you edit.

Send application and bill, please.

Edward J. Cook
Lexington Park, Md.

—**WFB**

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Mid-Term Scuttlebutt

TWO MONTHS AGO, the White House was its own dense pack: universal fratricide, and everyone an ICBM. Now, an internal truce prevails, induced by external threats. The President's problems are gargantuan, and they have all come at the same time: budget deficits, unemployment, Social Security, defense spending, MX, the Middle East, NATO, and Andropov's peace war. A let's-get-the-wagons-into-a-circle unity prevails, with all hands at their stations, muskets at the ready. Talk about personnel changes has all but stopped.

Even James Baker's turkey-blind interview with the Texas newspaper wherein the chief of staff let fly at Lyn Nofziger ("We cut him off at the knees"), at Reaganites ("Are there a bunch of them out there who'd love my scalp? Yeah. But they know they're not going to get it"), and at Labor Secretary Ray Donovan ("He's vindicated. Now he ought to do what's right for the President") appears to have done Baker no lasting harm, especially since he took the trouble to praise Ronald Reagan in the same interview. ("He's so principled that you cannot make a political argument to him. You cannot say: 'This will affect your chances to be re-elected.' ")

Washington conservatives, as it happens, have their own interpretation of all of this: namely that Mr. Baker and his subalterns, plus a second member of the presidential troika, Mike Deaver, have fabricated this unity-at-the-White-House story as a rearguard action before they themselves walk the plank, a smoke-blowing exercise that the *Washington Post* publishes as true because it likes Baker's soft-lining and upper-crustiness. Baker & Co. want to forestall what is already on track, say these folk, to wit, the early departure of Deaver, the reassignment of Baker, and the dismissal of Richard Darman and David Gergen, Baker lieutenants. Under this formula, Bill Clark would inherit the Baker job, and Ed Meese would continue as a kind of Issues Czar. Jim Baker has been offered Jeane Kirkpatrick's position at the UN and rejected it, they say, but that rejection can be turned around. Jeane Kirkpatrick's future is not mentioned in this schema, but presumably she would take over from Clark at the National Security Council, elbowing out Clark's deputy and heir apparent, Bud McFarland, and the tainted (SEC problems) NSC staff consultant, Tom Read. On a probability scale, this comes in at about 3.5, where zero equals inconceivable and ten inevitable.

Conservatives see not a little comedy in the de facto White House personnel freeze. We have had a nuclear freeze, we have had lots of talk about a budget freeze, and now we have a White House staff freeze, they observe. In a sense, the image fits: No Unilateral Disarmament is the White House's current policy. Baker will not disarm unless Meese does. "If Baker sheds Gergen," one insider avers, "then Meese must shed Jenkins," Jim Jenkins being Mr. Meese's able deputy. This enforced bilateralism is almost as funny, say Reaganites, as the gag rule Mr. Baker issued on the very day his wild-turkey interview with the *Dallas Morning News* was trotted out. The new rule bars staff from talking to reporters without the clearance of Mr. Gergen, who was in hot water not so long ago because of his own heterodox divulgings to the *Baltimore Sun*. Kafkaesque, say conservatives here.

A VARIANT of the foregoing has been bruited. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger will resign, ostensibly because of chronic arthritis but really because of December's dense-pack calamity, plus the likelihood that Congress, on both sides of the aisle, will treat him as dead in the water for the indefinite future, so unpopular has his invincible rigidity on both issues and budget made him. John Tower, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, would then take over as SecDef. All of which sounds very logical until you recall that Cap has no plans whatever to resign, and, given his close relationship with Mr. Reagan, won't be sacked, despite his less than impressive record at Defense.

A word about that record. Cap's strength is his extraordinary intelligence, and his loyalty to Mr. Reagan. The problem with his Defense performance, say observers (including defense toughliners), is his boredom with the job. Apparently this ennui makes Cap oblivious to fine-print detail and even to critical program elements. The suspicion is that he languishes after the position of Secretary of State, which accounts for his inordinate overseas travel, to the neglect of Pentagon store-minding.

■ George Bush's upcoming visit to Western Europe is seen here as of less significance than George Shultz's swing through Asia. Mr. Shultz's visit to the People's Republic of China (PRC) is important not only to the U.S./PRC relationship, but to the U.S./USSR relationship as well.

If Shultz is forthcoming on the sale of armaments and high technology (including nuclear technology) to the PRC, such sales, as a practical matter, will slow detente with the Soviets on two fronts: first, between the Chinese and the Soviets, because the Soviets will judge that their arms build-up must continue to match the PRC's enhanced fighting capability. Second, U.S./USSR detente will be slowed, because the Bear will be mightily irked at the weapons sales, and would retaliate against us by torpedoing any arms-control agreements. Interestingly, then, the Bush mission is partially superfluous, because what Shultz does in Peking will do more to control what the Soviets do in Moscow, toward both the PRC and the United States.

As a corollary to the above, State and the NSC are calculating whether, as we push the Japanese to beef up their defense budget, the Soviets may be handed a built-in pretext for claiming their position in the Kurile Islands is threatened, so they must further augment Soviet missile strength. All of which argues that the world may be changing more rapidly than the American public or the Reagan people have thought. □

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Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

Read how one man freed himself from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out."

If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt." She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on.

I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

Couldn't get out of bed

The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen *I* had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

Lunch Included, Too!

The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt? he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't *have* one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home.

After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?

"That's it," he replied. "Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."

The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life

If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it, although any troublesome condition or pain that persists should be brought to the attention of your doctor."

Tested & Proved In Hospitals

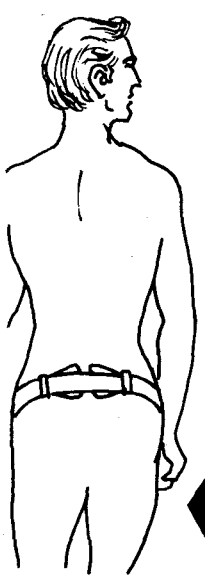
Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

Save $14.00! Special Free Trial Offer!

When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one *in Germany* was $44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only $29.95—$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!

If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money *in full.*



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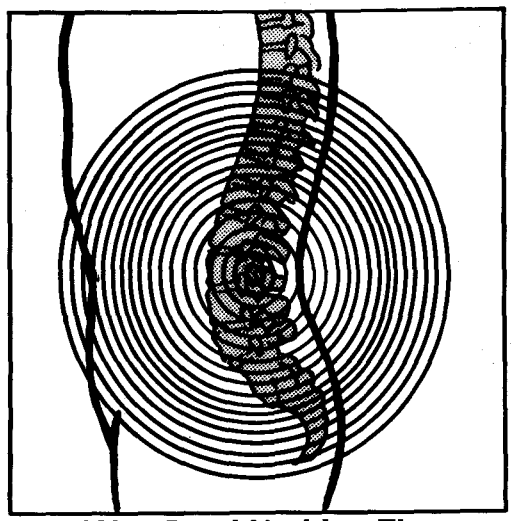
HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING PROSANA BELT WORKS. Every time you move or take a step, the up, down and sideways motion of the patented, orthopedic-designed "massaging pads" soothes away aches and pains almost like a chiropractor's hands. (Yet the Prosana Belt is invisible even under summer clothes. Soft, lightweight and washable, too, with no metal parts. And one size fits all!)



If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt." Dr. Ludwig Hecht

HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY:

"I have been suffering from lower back pain for years. Nothing helped, not even a steel corset. After wearing the belt, I am freed from the pain and it has never come back." Mr. H. Kilian, Olympic Medalist & 3-Time World Bobsled Champion

"I suffered from severe back pain caused by tennis, and since I did not want to take any medication, I have begun to wear your belt. It is hard to believe how quickly I have got rid of my back pain." Mr. D. Sturdza, Swiss Tennis Champion

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America's Image Abroad

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

In an interview a while ago, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn strongly criticized the Voice of America and Radio Liberty—the radio stations that broadcast America's message to the Russian people. "Your broadcasts are conducted so primitively," Solzhenitsyn said, "that they project a false image of your country; they speak about the most superficial, the most trite things, so that our people have a lower opinion of the American people than the American people deserve." And then: "Your broadcasts do not give our people the spiritual help they need. That is one side. The other side—you present yourselves as being lower and less significant than you really are, i.e., you are doing yourselves harm." If America is ever going to present its message successfully, to the Russian people as well as to the rest of the world, Americans must first come to understand who and what they are.

I have lived a grand total of 16 years in the United States and have visited all fifty states—the only regions that have eluded me so far are northernmost Michigan and southeast Oregon. Let me therefore candidly say that America's reputation abroad is so thoroughly false that it takes a foreigner years to discover that his assumptions, most of them created by Americans themselves, have been utterly wrong.

Whether at home or abroad, Americans like to boast that they are a nation of young, healthy, dollar-chasing, revolutionary, classless barbarians who eagerly embrace everything that is new. It should suffice here to recall that no American *revolution* ever took place, merely a war of independence; that as Chesterton pointed out, a nation which produced Whistler and Henry James isn't a nation of healthy young barbarians; that love of money is a characteristic *European* vice; that status is actually what makes America tick. Of course, it is true that no society really knows itself (any more than most individuals know themselves), and that societies tend to emphasize precisely the values they lack—*vide* "the golden heart of Vienna" or "German loyalty," two famous legends.

When they don't succumb to neo-American masochism, American media exports occasionally attempt to present the United States in the most favorable light. Sometimes they even succeed. The television series about the Adams family from Sam to Henry—*The Adams Chronicles*—was truly excellent, even if most Europeans missed a few of its subtleties. And *Backstairs at the White House*, the series about the servants, black and white, who have ministered to America's Presidents, was not bad. But *Dallas*, eagerly watched throughout Europe, is another matter. While it is entertaining—even, I might say, occasionally amusing—it presents a distorted and alarming view of America. Except for Miss Ellie, there isn't a single admirable character on the show. I am frequently asked if all Americans behave in the manner portrayed on the show.

Yet *Dallas* is far superior to some of America's other cultural exports. By far the worst offering to reach European television from the United States was a short film about the combat-training of some American women—viragos with blackened faces bayoneting sandbags. If this film is any indication, the next war promises to be a sadistic orgy. Whoever made it richly deserves the Lenin Prize.

America's cultural greatness lies largely in its literature, a very Anglo-Saxon trait. At the moment, however, I don't believe there is any great literature being produced in America—nor, it is only fair to state, anywhere else outside of Russia or Latin America. Still, the treasures of the past, in the original or in translation, can be used for propaganda purposes ("propaganda" correctly understood, as the unfortunate Mr. Philip Nicolaides used the term during his too brief tenure at the Voice of America). Also, America has developed a very distinguished style of modern architecture, and it's certainly legitimate to boast of handsomely designed skyscrapers, of superb machinery, and of that breathtaking enterprise—America's lunar exploration.

We in Europe know too little about much of American history, and are particularly unaware of the South and Southwest. The church of San Xavier del Bac in Arizona or of San Luis Rey in California would strike many a European as familiar. Seeing American history "in stone" would help form a link between the two continents.

Then there is America's natural beauty, far more impressive in the West than in the East. Yellowstone National Park is a paradise, especially for children, and the many-shaded beauty of the Grand Canyon surely ranks as the greatest sight in the world as far as landscape is concerned.

I am frequently astonished at how few Europeans realize that America has some of the finest art museums in the world. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City and the Chicago Art Institute are justly world-famous, but how many Europeans have heard of the Nelson-Atkins Museum in Kansas City, or of the art galleries of Cleveland, Toledo, or Minneapolis, even if they have heard of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts?

But beware of emphasizing or exporting what the Germans call *der Amerikanismus*—Americanism in a political sense. There is a popular belief in Europe that we in the Old World would have lived happily ever after in a sort of Gothic style if the wicked Americans hadn't inflicted the machine age and commercialism on us. This, of course, is nonsense; both sides of the Atlantic have helped to develop modern technology and economics. But it's high time for America to present to the rest of the world her cultural heritage and treasures rather than her political system—and especially to stop trying to pressure other countries into following her political lead. And as for the enslaved and silenced nations, America should recall their past and remind them of their great traditions, which Communist tyrants are attempting to destroy. A patient should be treated according to his own complaint; after all, what's good for his physician might not be good for him. □

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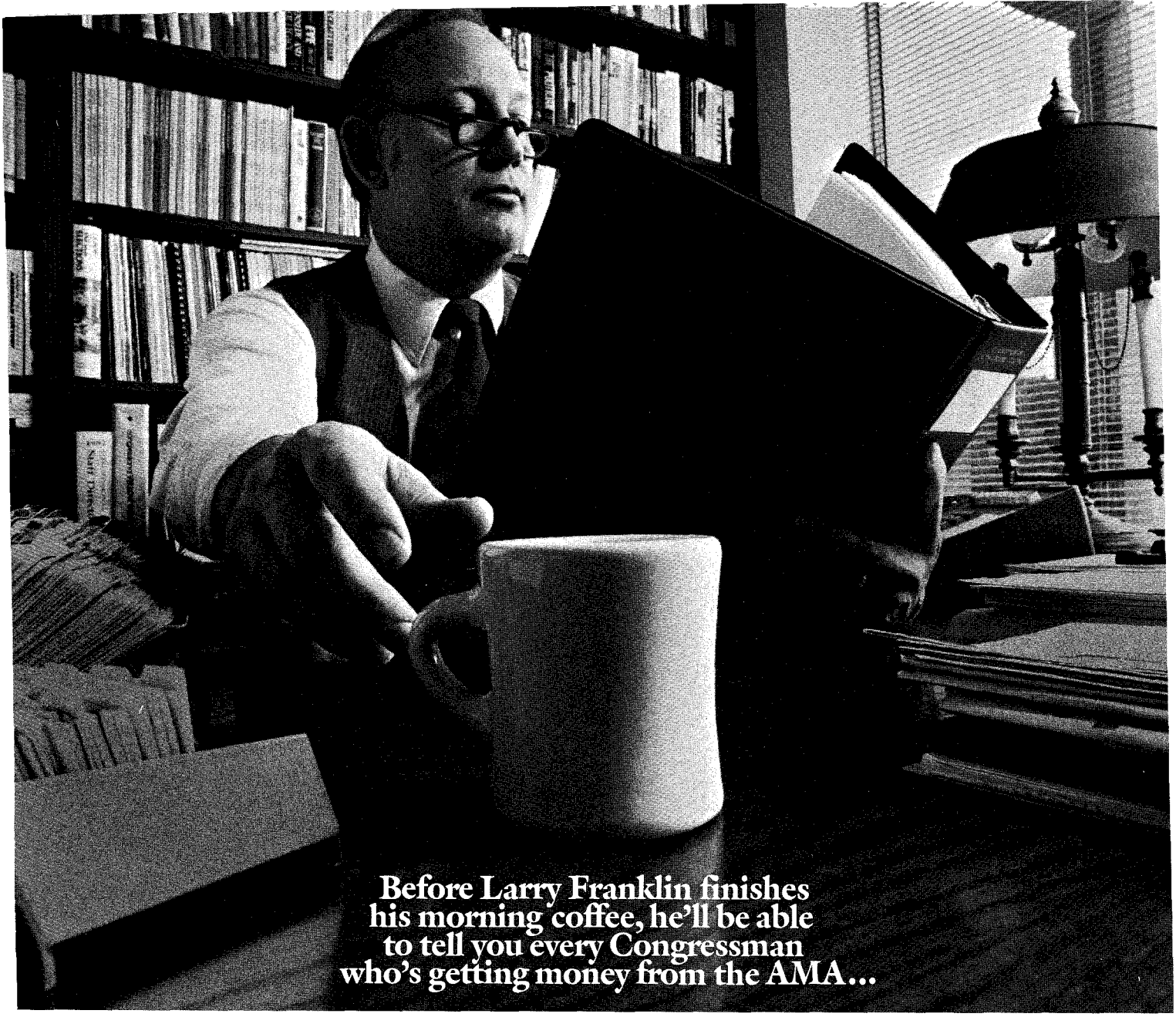

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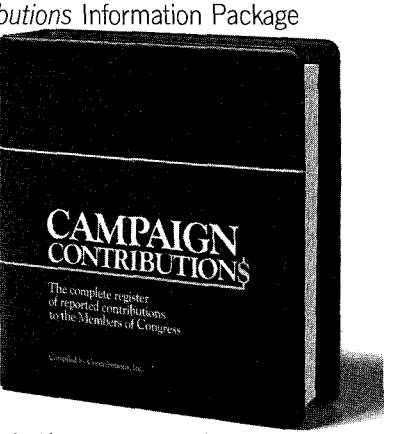

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

CHINA OVER LIGHTLY

No state has absolutely impermeable frontiers, but some come pretty close and China was one such for years. Now anyone can go to China, but on *their* terms. There are the fascinating exceptions: in Peking the U.S. ambassador told me that every now and then he runs into, or perhaps more properly is run over by, an American hippie-type who actually arrives in China—somehow; then sets out with his backpack; knows no Chinese; has some, but usually not much, money. "Damn if some of them don't get all the way to Lhasa and back." Lhasa used to be where the Dalai Lama governed by the will of God, until God lost interest, in 1959; and now it is the capital of Tibet, the westernmost province of China.

The fancy way to go to China is what one might call Kissinger Class: which is all jets, most of them private, and Red Flag limos. They manufacture two hundred of those per year in China. And get this: if your driver runs over and kills a pedestrian, why that's too bad—for the pedestrian. You see, the driver of a Red Flag is not supposed to take drastic braking action because if he did, the man sitting in the back seat might get hurt, and that man's presumptive value to the state, given that he is entitled to a Red Flag, is legally higher than that of a random pedestrian. (People's stations in China are as polarized politically as they are economically. The peasants earn about one-fifth what the city folk do.) Kissinger Class gets you banquets, and conferences with Deng Xiaoping (the sovereign), and Hu Yaobang (the Prince of Wales); plus the usual ration. Of? Ping-Pong, acrobatics, children's concerts, ballet, tombs, temples, the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, cultivated gardens, and meals meals meals, figure roughly about as many courses as you spend hours in China. To qualify for Kissinger Class isn't easy. Nixon is the most conspicuous consumer in this category, and once, soon after he was driven from office, Mao Tse-tung sent a 707 jet to bring him all the way from California for a visit, a gesture absolutely emperor-like, never mind that the Chinese emperors these days wear their equivalent of blue jeans.

There is the other way, now standard. You ask your travel agent to link you up with a group, it doesn't greatly matter what group. Choose one with reference to how long you want to spend in China. One week, two; the usual maximum for China, and certainly for you, being three weeks. All twenty, or thirty, or sixty of you will land together, and 21 days later, you'll depart together. Meanwhile you will have seen China, meaning of course that China China wishes Americans to see. Last year there were eighty thousand visitors, an exorbitant number, really, given the exiguous network of hotels, trains, guides, and buses—which simply isn't developed to care for so many transients in a mere 12 months. Contrast Spain, where last year forty million tourists visited.

But now there is another way, and that is by cruise ship. It has the disadvantage that you don't get total immersion, if that is what you are looking for. I remember my astonishment on learning, as a boy, that the athlete who set out to swim across the Atlantic was permitted to pause, at the end of eight hours or so, to board his escort vessel: wherein he would eat, and sleep, before resuming his struggle.

It is so with the cruise ships. Mine (the *Pearl of Scandinavia*) contrives its 14-day sail from Kobe, Japan, to Hong Kong (and vice versa) so as to leave you only two nights having to sleep on Chinese soil (in Peking). That way you miss something of the exotic impact: the fighter pilot returning to his aircraft, compared to the infantryman in the field. But you miss, also, a lot of the irritation. If you stay in China you begin to feel an alienation from circumstances which you are accustomed to controlling, but now they are controlled by your tour guide, or by the hotel clerk, or by the taxi driver, and communication is always vexing.

Chinese Inclinations

This point is worth stressing. Because life in China is substantially a reflection of the tension: you versus circumstances outside your control. Whether it's the emperor whose identity you cannot pinpoint or the chicken you cannot find in the market (where the average Chinese spends two hours per day foraging for that day's food). You may, if inclined to the juridical, call this an extension of habeas corpus. Do you have control over your body—or do *they* have it? When you tour China over an extended period, it is easy to surmise, you discover that the tendency is for your body, well, to incline—it is much easier that way—to what the Chinese call the *li*, a Confucian term suggesting, at its most exalted, divine order. And it is generally supposed that where the body goes, the mind tends also to drift.

That this does not necessarily happen is, of course, one of the things that got in the way of the evolution of Mao man, a species prematurely taxonomized by many Western intellectuals and journalists, most notably (in my own memory

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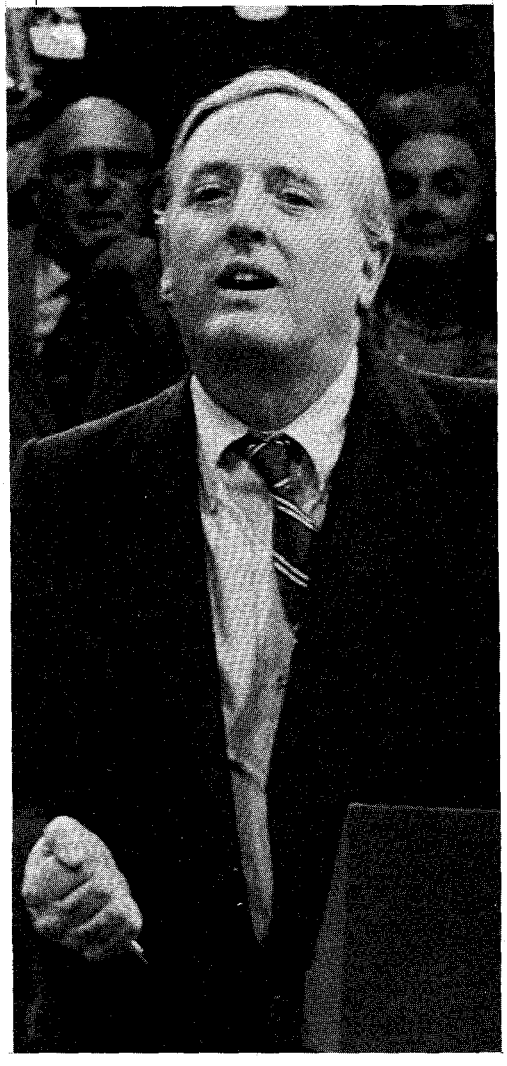

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—perhaps because the words he used were so . . . chiliastic) James Reston. After his appendix was taken out in Peking, in 1971—the year before the great Nixon-Mao rapprochement—he told reporters in Tokyo, "I'm a Scotch Calvinist. I believe in redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man. Maybe it's because I believe that or I want to believe it that I was struck by the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in man, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. They [the Chinese] are trying that." They certainly did try something transmutative. Professor Edward Luttwak came up several years ago with a hauntingly bright aperçu calculated to distinguish between Mao man and Soviet man. In Russia, he said, the people were given an almost infinitely long list of what it was they could not do. Anything not on that list was okay. And so Russians spend their very long days slithering in and out of the interstices, and this creates a perpetual sullenness, and an apprehension, lest a frontier between what might be done, and what might not be done, was traversed.

Mao man, on the other hand, was told that Nothing could be done—except as a directive came in to do it. These directives were refractions of the Chairman's thoughts, and these came in bewildering profusion, often contradictory. The superficial effect was that of the compleat sycophant. Did you read *The Story of O*? The story of Mao man; only, of course, he never really materialized. James Reston would have had the greatest anthropological beat in history.

Way to Go, Pleasantly

For heaven's sake I am not suggesting that the spiritual inertia of the regular guided tour through China ends you up thinking Mao thought, though this did happen to otherwise skeptical people. No more would I suggest the opposite, that brief encounters immunize you. Merely that if you want only to *experience* China, a physically and emotionally comfortable way to do this is off a cruising boat.

What, concretely, happens? I speak of the *Pearl of Scandinavia*, having sailed aboard that thoroughly pleasant boat with its thoroughly pleasant people (the cruise director is so well organized that his note congratulating me on my lectures arrived in my cabin before I had delivered them). The *Pearl* is, at this writing, unique. But its pioneering is bringing in the competition, and in a few months one of the *Vikings* will be doing the coastal tour as well. Let's face the probability that within five years, if Reaganomics comes through for us, a Chinese coastal cruise will become almost as routine as a Caribbean cruise. But in the meantime, Reaganomics has a long way to go. Roundtrip airfare to the Orient is a couple of thousand. Triple that if you count in the ship, a souvenir jade tree, and fifty air-mail postcards.

But China has much further to go than Reagan, if the annual tourist figure is to rise from the existing level of eighty thousand to, say, one million. Because even now you have the feeling that your tour group is the incremental strain on the Middle Kingdom: that China is so close to not-quite-making-it, having to feed and house one billion Chinese, that that marginal imposition of four hundred people from your cruise trip threatens the whole national enterprise. For instance, only two of the six elevators in the huge new Hua Do Hotel in Peking work: so that you are likely to find yourself running down the stairs carrying your suitcase, for fear of missing the bus, and oh God, what happens if you miss the bus? Make your own arrangements to get from Shanghai to Tsintsin, there to catch the boat? As well make your own arrangements to launch from Cape Canaveral.

In Shanghai, they have put together a special train to take you to the fabled Suzhou (Soochow—Question: Why did the Western press go along on the Pinyin bit, which has caused a quite unnecessary orthographic revolution of no imaginable usefulness to us? Why should we now call it Beijing? We don't call Cologne Köln), where you see one of those breathtaking sights, in this case the leisurely, terraced, endless garden, and the bonsai trees, maybe four hundred different species. Anyway, you need to have breakfast at 5:30, and breakfasting at 5:30, if you're not used to it, so to speak affects your movements the night before. Why 5:30? Because there is track available for the special train only at 6:45; so that the straitened facilities of Chinese travel affect you very directly. And then, after the long day seeing the gardens, the silk factory, the endless lunch, together with toasts back and forth, you are really out of steam.

Ah, but you must go out a few miles to see a bridge built during the days of the T'ang Dynasty. You get there and look at the remains of a stone bridge running low over the sleepy river, and you say to yourself, So what? You photographed the Colosseum in Rome way back when you were a little boy, and they built that seven hundred years before T'ang got around to building his bridge, so what are we doing here? Later on the guide confides in you. What we are doing there is killing time. Because, you see, there is no railroad track available until 6 P.M. The first four thousand years of China produced four hundred million people. Under early-Mao, birth control was held to be bourgeois. So that in a decade, that four-hundred-million figure doubled. Not so the railroads, let alone hotels, quite the contrary. There were ten thousand restaurants in Shanghai when Mao took over, fewer than one thousand today.

But then there is a conspicuous difference over ten years ago. Granted my visit at that time was as a member of the press following Nixon around, and all the sights were presumably reserved for the visiting foreigners (we were, in total, about two hundred). But now the public sights are open to the public, and even though the Chinese get different days of the week off, the public sights are very crowded. The Forbidden City in Peking, when last I saw it—that magnificent 250-acre compound of palaces and temples and stately, discrete houses, in one of which the Great Helmsman lived—was as empty of unofficial Chinese as a Chinese Friendship Store. (No dollee, no entree.) The great, standard Chinese sights aren't yet crowded like a Rolling Stones concert, but I warn you, that is the way they are headed. And why not? It is splendid that the most oppressed, most regimented people in the world have something to look at other than the *People's Daily*, the face of Mao Tse-tung, and the Chairman's book of quotations. This is a startling change. And there is television now although the price of a set is ten months' salary. Never mind. Escapism of any kind in a deadly dull society (that is what its most reluctant critics concede about the People's Republic of China, though better today's dullness than the sadistic convulsions of yesterday) is to be expected. But along the way, the foreign tourist should be warned that the photograph he intended to take of the Palace of Accumulated Elegance is going to have the pal-

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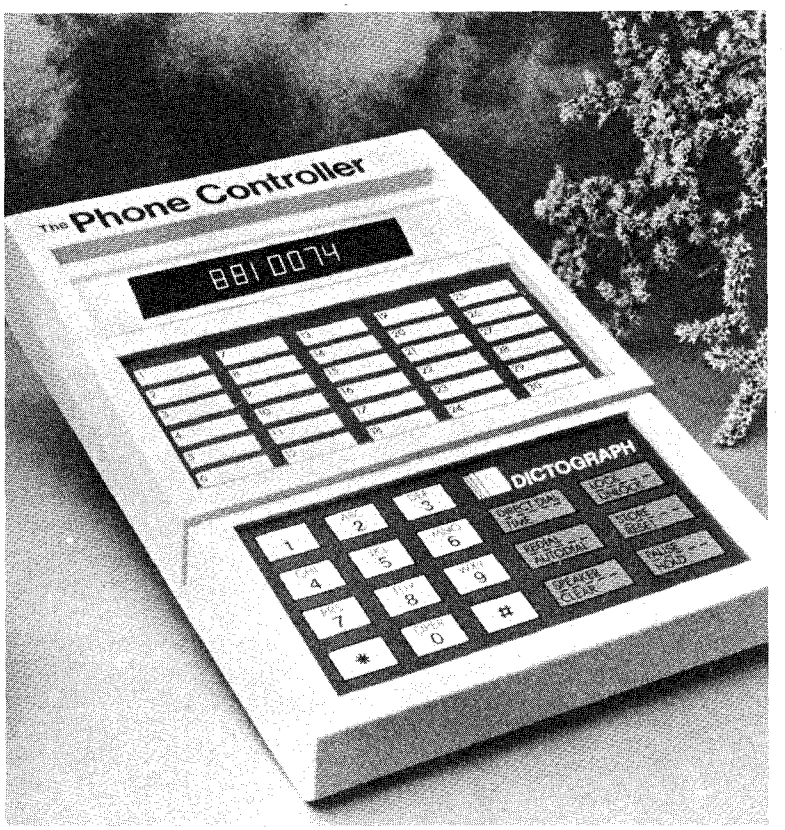

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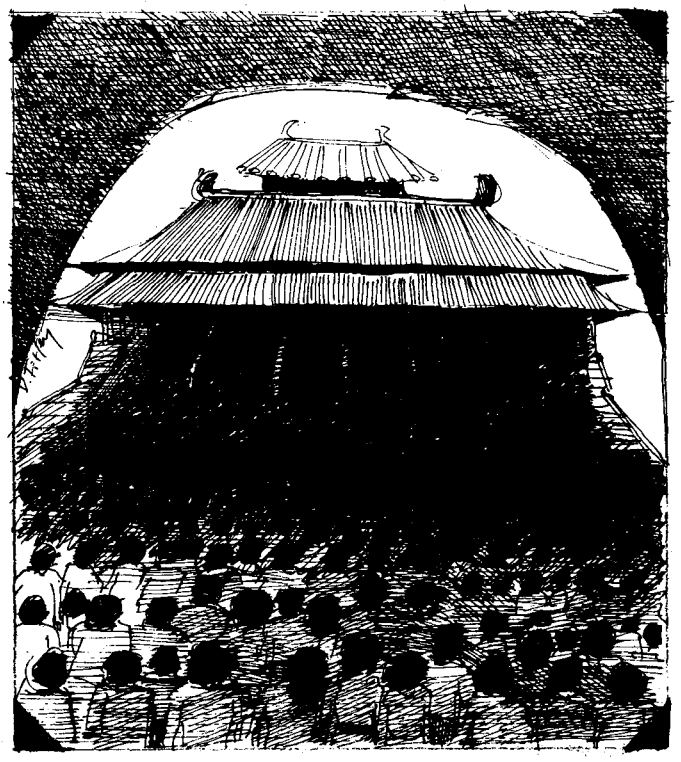

ace *and* seven hundred Chinese in it, unless he can manage to get there before opening time, or after closing time.

So. The night before, you cruised into the Yellow Sea, having stopped in South Korea's Pusan for a few hours. There is nothing that strikes you, in mid-October, as distinctive. Seas sometimes have a way of looking like any other sea. As you come closer to the mainland, you see more boats. The most bedraggled fleet in the world. The tempo of commercial traffic in and out of China is increasing heavily. That night, on board, you could see a movie (*Chariots of Fire*), or a musical revue. First sitting at 6:30, second at 8:15, dress formal. The blackjack tables open after dinner, and the two girls from London operate them until they run out of customers, usually about one in the morning, a half-hour before the buffet closes, though the Poseidon Lounge is open 24 hours a day if you want fruit juice, tea, or coffee; indeed you can ring from your room, and a Filipino is supposed to come, even if it is three in the morning, and bring you something. To experience all of this as you approach a country whose per-capita income is under $500 per year adds to the piquancy, if you use that word properly. I.e., with reverence.

You have disembarked and are in China. You are led to your bus, one of 12. Your guide talks to you as you drive north to Ji Xian, where you see a temple, and have lunch before the train. The guide chats with you ("The population is the major concern of the government"); reassures you about the civil quality of Chinese society ("The teachers are very kind and are very sweet with everyone"); leads community singing ("Jingle Bells," "Old Black Joe," "I've Been Working on the Railroad"). You have lunched (eight courses), and now are taken to the railroad car, so primitive as to be almost exciting, for the first ten minutes. Its backrests would do as plumb bobs. The scenery is unremarkable, save for the absence of mechanical contrivances—only every now and then is there a truck facilitating the farmwork. Mostly it is oxen. Actually, mostly it is human beings. In two and one-half hours, you are in Peking. The railroad station there, by the way, is as dirty as any you have seen anywhere in the world, and you reflect on all those rhapsodies you used to hear about Mao-hygiene. It is true that Moscow's subways are beautiful and clean. It is not true that in China socialism has brought cleanliness, let alone defeated pollution.

What is there to say about Tien An Men Square, or about the temples, the Great Wall, the Summer Palace, except that they are overwhelming examples of power, beauty, and obstinacy of design, and breadth of conceptual imagination? It is so terribly important, however, to read Simon Leys's *Chinese Shadows*, because without the help of this learned and passionate Belgian art historian you will not know what have been some of the ideological desecrations of what once was there, like the great walls of Peking, and the gravestones. But somewhere along the line the passion to destroy stopped, in China even as in Russia: and the tourists, mostly, are taken to where the beauty is, and it is very old.

The Hua Do Hotel ranks after the Hotel Peking, which is very difficult to penetrate, even with its new wing. There the diplomats and journalists and businessmen get the rooms. Hua Do is considered luxurious in Peking, and would not last a week in Atlantic City. The two dining rooms, one serving Western food and the other Chinese food, are lit like solariums, and the tables set up as though to feed passing divisions of soldiers. There is a touch of coziness in one bar, and the staff is as helpful as it can be, considering that they do not, really, know how to speak in English. Forty-eight hours later you are back on the train, and just as she reached for the overhead compartment, one of our passengers fell. Dead, as it turned out. The word was whispered about that her traveling companion had revealed, through tears, that she was 85 years old. She was taken out on a park bench, brought in from somewhere. Here and there passengers reached into their overnight bags (no porters: everyone had to carry everything he brought along, or bought while there) for those emergency little bottles, and the vodka and other spirits helped; and the consensus gradually crystallized that the lady, at that age, had had a most dignified and utterly painless end; and before long, in anticipation of the pleasant cruise ship three train-bus hours away, and the hot showers and hot food, the mood picked up; and in due course someone even mentioned that, all things considered, the mortality rate of a visit to Peking was proving tolerable.

Waiting for Rusher

The following day Qingdao, dominated for the greater part of this century by Germans; its substantial architecture remains distinctively European, and its beaches accentuate its attraction as a resort. The guide, clearly happy to practice his English, is chatty, and advises us that in China, "more work, more pay." There are eight economic levels of work in China, he says, and compensation rises from 40 to 108 yen per month. The yen goes at two for one dollar. "Our pay is enough for an apartment or a house, and we use the rest for clothes and TV, etc." In Chinese urban areas, the per-capita allocation of space comes to 3.6 square yards. At the Embassy yesterday I saw Robert Myers, an old friend and business partner in the odd enterprise of attempting to sell joint advertising space, he as publisher of *The New Republic*, I as editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. "I've tried for years," he said, "to persuade Bill Rusher [the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW] to come to visit China." We discussed then the interesting

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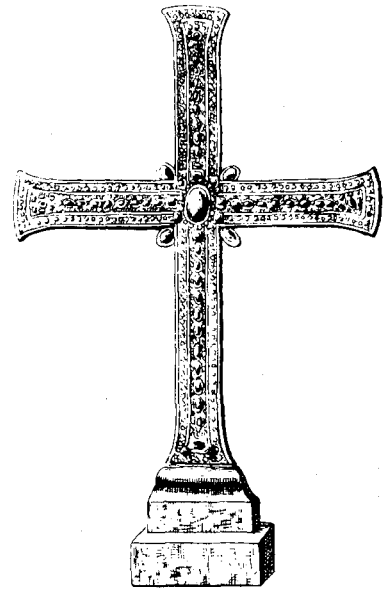
Catholics



There is a tenacious myth in America that says Catholics are stupid, ignorant, and superstitious. Moreover, there is a prejudice among **modernist** Catholics that those Catholics who **really** believe in the Bible, the creeds, tradition, and the Church are intellectually feeble. After all, it's said, **there aren't even enough intelligent orthodox Catholics to support a decent journal of opinion.**

Well, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has arrived on the scene to dispel those falsehoods. You see, we believe that orthodox Catholics need a high-grade magazine that really speaks to the mind as well as the heart, that speaks Truth with clarity, verve, and style. The liberal Protestants have their *Christian Century,* the Evangelicals have their *Christianity Today*, the liberal Catholics have their *Commonweal*, and the Jews have their *Commentary*. But **orthodox Catholics have nothing comparable in the field.** The above-mentioned magazines are distinguished and influential trend-setters, and the time has come to give them some serious competition!

Orthodox Catholics have newspapers, quarterly journals, family magazines, and clergy magazines, but they have no "literary" magazine that can speak with the same authority and "weight" as a *Commonweal* or a *Commentary*. That is why the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has made its appearance. Born in 1977 and published 10 times a year, we've already made a mark. *National Review* calls us "first-rate" and *Newsweek* has conceded that we are "thoughtful," even praising our "childlike exuberance." The *National Catholic Register* has said that "for sheer feistiness and guts, it's hard to top the NEW OXFORD REVIEW." Even the "magisterial" *New York Times* has had to take notice, disapprovingly calling us "ultraconservative."

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question of exactly what ideological point is made by persuading people to visit countries that they will find operate pretty much as they had supposed them to operate. Invite someone disbelieving the figures about American agricultural productivity, say (110,000 pounds of grain per year per farmer, fifty times that of the Chinese), and an empirical purpose is served. It is hard to imagine exactly what political purpose is served by inviting people to visit Cuba, or China, or the Soviet Union. I.e., assuming them to be cosmopolitan in the first place, what is it that is supposed to surprise them? Gulag is not in downtown Moscow, nor the "retraining camps" in Qingdao Square. One would not want to advance the line of reasoning that because one did not see the Lubyanka, it does not exist: like the Irishman, at the trial, who volunteered to produce thirty persons who had not seen him murder the girl . . . But with guides one is passive, and should be. I wrote once that one doesn't argue transubstantiation with an altar boy. Nor the delights of life under Mao with a guide. Not in public.

You pause in Dalian (Dairen), an unexceptionable, and not particularly interesting, port where, however, your taxi driver asks whether you would like to see the Christian church. The minister in the courtyard makes the sign of the cross, not attempting piety, but as a means of communication: Were we Christians? Inside is a substantial building, in which at one time five hundred people might have sat, staring at turn-of-the-century stained-glass windows depicting WASP-featured, WASP-complexioned heavenly characters. One wishes one might have learned something about the church and its recent tribulations. The guide in Peking advised us with obvious pride that only 3 per cent of Chinese "believe in religion," much as he might have advised us that only 3 per cent of Chinese were illiterate (the figure is 14 per cent). Still, the church, although empty, is open; ten years ago, in Peking, Tom Ross, then with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, and I attempted to visit a church in the central part of the city, but it was locked; very tightly, we ascertained, when we finally succeeded in rousing its resident gargoyle, who stared dumbly at us and pointed us away. Any direction would do.

Two days later, we woke in Shanghai harbor. We were twice told by the ship's captain the night before just how lucky we were. Because space is so highly coveted in the central city. The *Pearl* was advised only late the day before our arrival that the harbormaster would give us a berth by Zhongshan Road, the old Bund, where the palatial buildings of the colonial period still stand. Alternative berthing is a full ten and a half miles away, and the difference is the loss of personal mobility. As it stands, one can call a taxi and—this one learns quickly in China—set out with one's own glossary. You make a list of places you wish to see—museums, temples, shops, restaurants. Alongside the English, a Chinese-speaking tour guide aboard the vessel writes the Chinese equivalent. And with this, you negotiate with the taxi, using also the phrases listed in the appendix of the *Fodor Guide*, or in the State Department's briefing manual.

The throb of Shanghai has always been remarkable, and there are those who say it is now the largest city in the world. Difficult to establish, because as many as two million Chinese may be living in Shanghai without permits, and they do not cooperate with census-takers. The city is unimaginably dirty; its river might have posed for one of Bosch's detailed nightmares. Here is the commercial mecca of China, where everybody unwedded to tranquillity would wish to be; because here there is everything. Even, they whisper, a little free-enterprise vice, cautiously celebrating the passing of Prim Mao, whose own concubining was done discreetly, although he did list four wives, the last one of whom makes up one-quarter of the Gang of Four. It was she who, in 1965, after seeing an operetta she thought insufficiently obsequious to the ideas of Mao, depressed the little trigger that brought on the Cultural Revolution and, it is widely felt, the end of Maoist illusions—among Chinese. Because the Cultural Revolution was to Mao what Jonestown was to whatever-it-was that other madman was promoting.

And so, before midnight on the second day, you set sail. Destination, Hong Kong, two and one-half days down the line. You began at Kobe. During your 336-hour fortnight, you have spent 112 hours in China, eating 13 meals ashore. And how much do you know about modern China?

At least for the next few years, I'd venture to say that that depends on whether you have taken along to read Fox Butterfield's book, *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*. It is unlikely that if you spent six months in China you would know one half as much as you do from reading this startlingly important book, by a reporter for the *New York Times*, a Sinologist, fluent in the language, who spent twenty months in China and wrote a book hailed by the dean of American Sinologists, John K. Fairbank, who back in 1972 pronounced Mao the "best thing" that had happened to China in millennia, and is cautiously, and belatedly, retreating from that position. It is all there in that volume, the whole incredible story, with details richer than you yourself would ever succeed in unearthing, because you are less talented, and less industrious, than Mr. Butterfield; and because you do not speak Chinese. Learn Butterfield, and know China. Travel to China, and experience China: in that limited sense in which a tourist experiences a country, by fleeting contact with its people, and a brief, voluptuarian gaze at its treasures; in China's case, all of them antedating Mao's reign, and most of them, his birth. □

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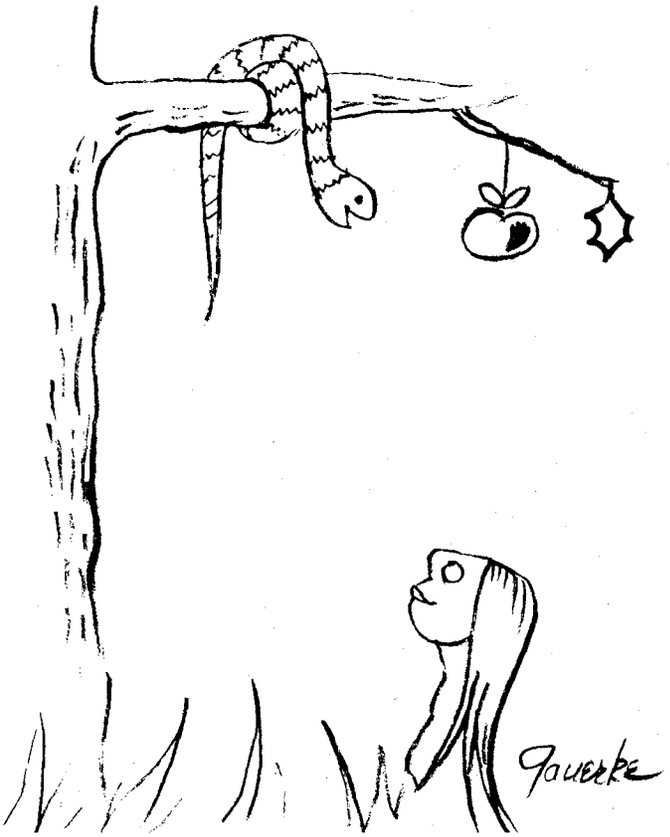
help !!!!

Glorobot

Said a metal computer, "How queer,
The way humanoids used to sneer
At my looks and my style,
At each button and dial
And now I am Can of the Year!"

GLORIA A. MAXSON



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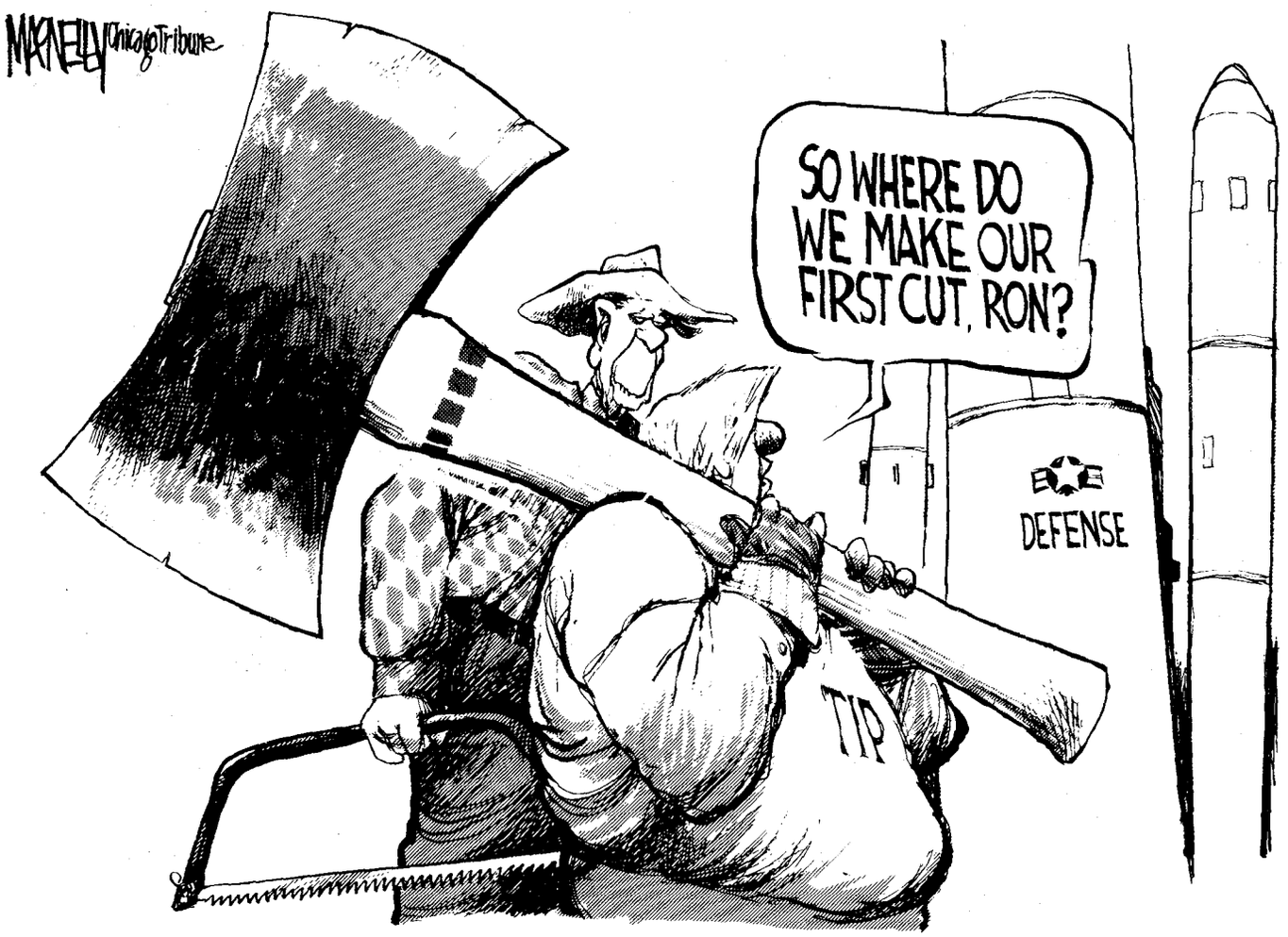

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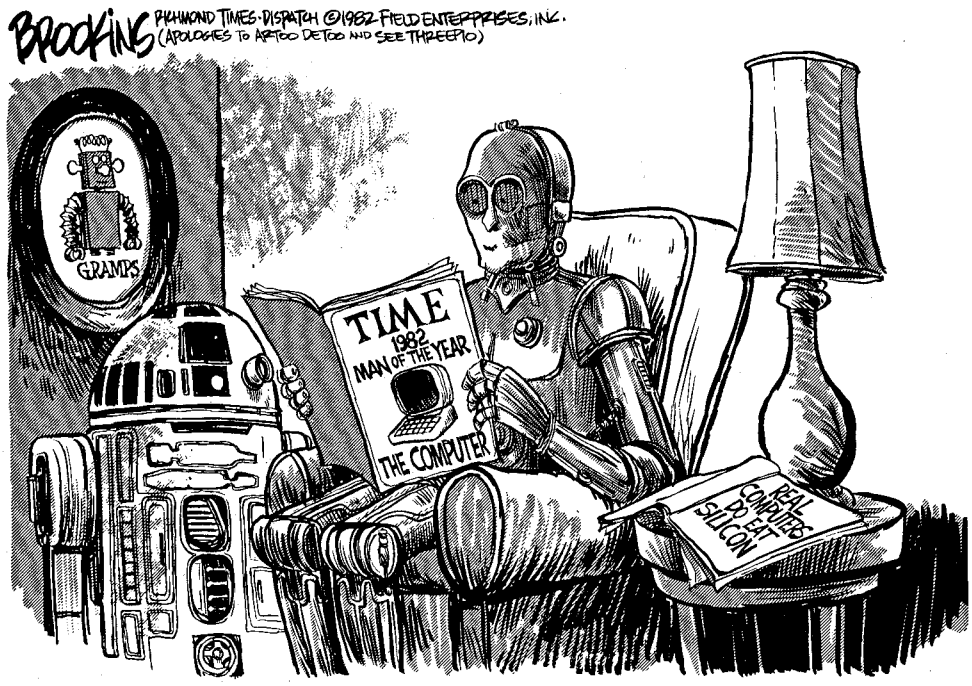

"COULDN'T WE JUST BURN GRAMM IN EFFIGY?"

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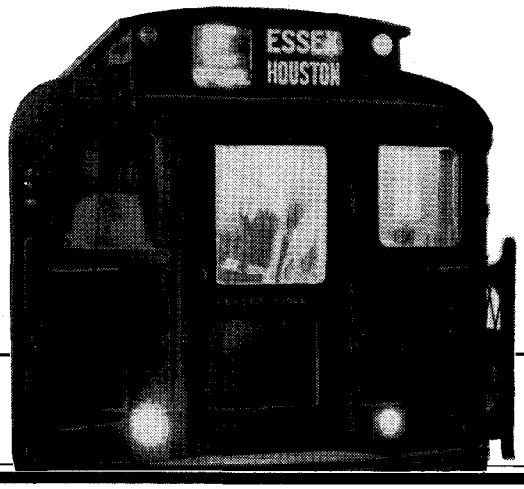
JAMES B. RAMSEY

Selling the New York Subways



Wild-eyed radicalism or the only feasible solution?

PERIODICALLY the *New York Times* prints letters to the editor or Op-Ed pieces complaining about subway conditions in New York City (bad and getting worse) or subway finances (ever-greater deficits owing to inadequate subsidies from nonriders). Remarkably, no solutions to this universally recognized problem are ever suggested other than that non-residents of New York City ought to pay more to maintain New York City's subway system. That, of course, is not quite how the matter is expressed in the various media; the phrase usually employed is "more support by the state and federal governments." Currently, subway users are subsidized to the extent of about one-half of "total costs," although that figure does not include an allowance for the continuing deterioration of the system.

The New York subway system is one of the largest in the world, ranking with the Moscow, Tokyo, and London systems in terms of a combination of miles of track and number of passengers carried; it is also one of the oldest. The maintenance of the capital equipment, track, and buildings has been below economically efficient levels since the Twenties, but it is only in recent years that the neglect has escalated to irretrievable proportions. Virtually no train is without substantial maintenance defects. No station can be said to be in a reasonable state of repair throughout.

The pattern for the subway's deterioration was set at the very beginning, when it was decreed that New York public transportation was to be a political football. At first the subway was a political asset, even if a self-imposed economic burden; now it has become a political liability as well.

As early as 1860, Hugh B. Wilson raised $5 million from private sources for a subway line in Manhattan. The State Assembly approved the measure, but Boss Tweed, the Tammany Hall Democratic leader, persuaded the governor to veto the bill on behalf of the horse-car companies.

By 1900 economic realities had changed, and work was started on the Interborough Rapid Transit (IRT) line. Private money was raised for equipment, but public money was used for construction and right of way, in exchange for agreement on a fixed fare of a nickel. The IRT was a financial and operating success and it was soon extended. Again, public financing was used for construction, and, in return, the fare was still held to a nickel. Furthermore, the lease was for only 49 years with no right of renewal, and the city had the right of recapture of all facilities after ten years at original cost plus 15 per cent.

In 1911 the financial backers of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit System (BMT)—originally called the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company—obtained a lease for new lines in Brooklyn, and the BMT began operations in 1918. The financial agreements were similar to those for the IRT. Both lines were essentially complete by 1920.

After the initial success of the subways, the city wanted to increase its control and ownership, but its own difficult financial position, coupled with constitutional debt limits, prevented this. A big step toward full control by the city was taken with the creation of the Independent Subway System (IND), which opened in 1932 and had no private involvement. By 1940, the city was able to buy out the two private lines—the IRT had been forced into receivership, and the BMT was under audit by the city for breach of contract. The intent behind the unification was cogently expressed by the governor of New York in 1921: "The profitable parts of the system must maintain the unprofitable," i.e., internal cross-subsidization for political reasons. The second slogan was: "The passenger fare shall be five cents." The legal change that facilitated the move was a 1938 amendment to the city's constitution that excluded from the city's debt limit the cost of the unification. The IRT and the BMT were bought on the basis of the city's credit, not transit earnings, which even then met only part of the carrying charges on the debt.

The pressures caused by the nickel fare were felt as early as 1915, when Frank Hedley, the general manager of the IRT, complained that the fare did not even allow the trains to be cleaned. Even with reduced maintenance, however, the artificially low fare made the running of New York's subways unprofitable. It is entirely unremarkable that the city, over the years, has found no bidders willing to purchase the right to operate subway lines at a loss.

The nickel fare was maintained for an incredibly long time, all the way up to 1948, when it was raised to a dime. Then a rapid escalation began: 15¢ in 1953, 20¢ in 1966, 30¢ in 1970, 35¢ in 1972, 50¢ in 1975, 60¢ in 1980, and 75¢ in

Mr. Ramsey is chairman of the Economics Department, Faculty of Arts and Sciences, New York University.

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1981. Meanwhile, the subsidies by city, state, and federal governments rose to over a third of total costs, and, at the same time, the system reached a state of chronic dilapidation. There is no dispute as to the seriousness of the effects of deferred maintenance, there is merely dispute as to how quickly the system will collapse.

In the late Sixties the deficits rose dramatically. In 1974 New York State began to provide operating assistance, and in 1975 the Federal Government also began to support the system. As of last year the deficit for the entire system, before government subsidies, had reached $1 billion, and the 1980-81 New York City Transit Authority (NYCTA) contribution was $252 million. Between 1960 and 1975 rising prices of fuel and power accounted for 12.1 per cent of the increase in cost per passenger mile, declining ridership an estimated 18.4 per cent, and increases in wages and benefits 56.7 per cent.

Clearly, the subways' malaise is not a recent event, it is not temporary, and the problems are still not being addressed. Public control has gradually, but inevitably, led to the deterioration of the system to the point of near-destruction. The problems and difficulties with political control of a transportation system have been demonstrated for more than 75 years, so that it would seem reasonable to suppose that a solution, if one exists, lies elsewhere.

THE PROBLEM is simple to state: costs, mainly labor costs, per passenger mile have risen faster than the sum of revenues and subsidies per passenger mile. The difficult question is why. The nearly impossible question is what to do.

To an economist it is astounding that, as labor costs rose relative to other costs, capital equipment was not substituted for labor. The reason, of course, is political. The pressure a municipal union can bring to bear on a city government inevitably forces bodies like the Transit Authority to try to pay for wage increases that are unjustifiable (given projected revenues) by *reducing* maintenance and repair of capital equipment—i.e., by *disinvesting* in capital.

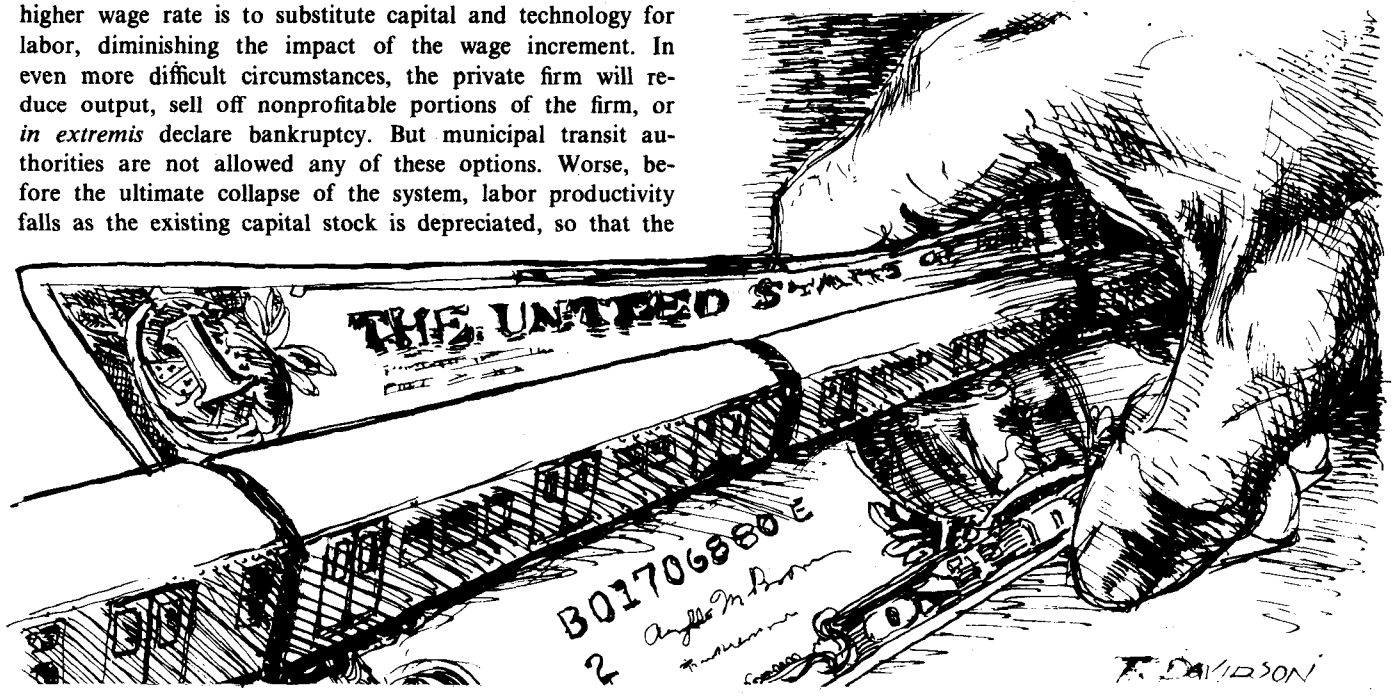
The response of a normal, profit-maximizing firm to a higher wage rate is to substitute capital and technology for labor, diminishing the impact of the wage increment. In even more difficult circumstances, the private firm will reduce output, sell off nonprofitable portions of the firm, or *in extremis* declare bankruptcy. But municipal transit authorities are not allowed any of these options. Worse, before the ultimate collapse of the system, labor productivity falls as the existing capital stock is depreciated, so that the problem is compounded at each round of negotiations. Unfortunately, deferred maintenance is *not* an interest-free loan.

The Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) cannot raise the money it needs on the open market. If the system were seen to be profitable, at least potentially, there would be an ample flow of capital funds; but few people will lend money to a deficit-generating process without substantial backing from tax revenues. The explanation for the growing deficits can be examined from three perspectives: changes in costs and productivity; changes in ridership and revenues; and the flow of subsidies from outside the system.

Public control has led to the deterioration of the system to the point of near-destruction

Between 1968 and 1979 the number of full-time employees fell from 34,649 to 34,007, a reduction of under 2 per cent, while over a longer period ridership fell by 35 per cent. As a result, labor costs per passenger rose from 20¢ to 63¢ over that longer period. These figures do not include pay for transit police, capital engineers, and CETA employees. Between 1965 and 1980 total remuneration of transit employees rose 222.6 per cent, whereas the consumer price index (CPI) rose by 127 per cent; in short, labor remuneration far outstripped inflation, while labor productivity was at best constant.

In the mid-Sixties the number of passengers per employee was between 170 and 180, but by the mid-Seventies that figure had fallen to 128. Consequently, one may conclude that the substantial increase in wages and salaries noted above represents almost entirely an actual increase in labor costs. Yet another aspect of the same problem is that while the ratio of capital to labor for the U.S. domestic economy has been growing at about 2.5 per cent a year since 1948, the



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ratio for transit has grown at only 0.52 per cent per year —and this figure does not adequately allow for the long-term deterioration of capital equipment through neglect of maintenance. On balance, the change in the capital-labor ratio for the NYCTA is probably negative.

It is not possible to make direct comparisons of employee performance on the publicly owned subways with that in similar private firms, since the latter do not exist. But such comparisons *can* be made between city and private bus drivers and maintainers. The comparison is especially instructive in New York since the Transport Workers Union has a virtual monopoly in the entire area. In 1979 (the last year for which comparative figures are available), NYCTA bus drivers earned a representative salary of $29,705 (including fringe and retirement benefits), whereas drivers on the most expensive alternative, the Green Bus Line, earned $26,881. However, the NYCTA drivers generated an average revenue of $23,303—i.e., the revenues did not even pay the bus drivers' salary—whereas the private bus companies averaged $40,115 per driver. Passenger revenues per employee are $16,694 for NYCTA and $26,279 for the private companies. Hence public employees do not even cover their own salaries, much less fuel, maintenance, and overhead costs.

The token fare is becoming ever more irrelevant in the rider's calculation of the cost of riding the subway

If we couple the enormous economic power of the union with political leverage, then the ability of the union to tax the rest of society is impeded only by political reluctance to raise fares and the length of the debates on tax increases. Once a municipality has taken on responsibility for providing a service, even through the device of an "authority," the pressures to politicize it are overwhelming. A strike against the Transit Authority ostensibly on economic issues becomes a political battle involving political gains and losses to the members of the incumbent city government. In this situation, well-organized blocs of voters, such as are provided by the TWU, provide a degree of political influence matched by few other groups. Better still from the union's viewpoint is that settlements which would immediately bankrupt a private firm will be financed by the public purse. While this purse is not bottomless, a politically influential group can extract large sums at the expense of the anonymous taxpayer.

Now let us examine the revenue and subsidy blade to the transit scissors. One important lesson not lost on the riders of the subway, but apparently ignored by the politicians, is that the fare paid with a subway token is indeed only a token part of the current cost of riding the subway. In truth, the token fare is becoming ever more irrelevant in the rider's calculation of the costs and benefits of riding the subway. The real cost—measured in lack of safety, uncertainty as to how long the journey will take, filthy surroundings, overcrowding, and often some very disturbing fellow riders—is very high. Seventy-five cents is a very small part of the cost, and each time people re-experiment with alternative means of getting to work—say, during a subway strike—many of them discover that the total real costs of the subway are greater for them than the use of a private car or an express bus.

The subsidies to the system can be put into perspective by noting that the 1980-81 deficit was estimated at about $250 million, and the estimated total of federal, state, city, and toll-bridge subsidies was $416 million. The city subsidizes transit even further by assuming various costs on the Transit Authority's behalf, such as $110 million a year for transit police, or $170 million a year for Transit Authority debt service. Riders pay only about half of operating costs.

The problem with political handouts, as New Yorkers are discovering, is that relative to TWU demands they come too late, and are too little. The system is always starved for cash; inevitably, maintenance is neglected in order to meet the payroll.

There should be one simple, clear lesson: the current system is not viable. Even if other people could be taxed without limit for the benefit of New York subway riders, there is no subsidy so great that it cannot be eaten up by union demands and managerial inefficiency. There is involved, if you will, a fundamental law of the Parkinson type that says: *The cost of managerial incompetence, waste, and labor benefits will always exceed any subsidy, no matter how large —in fact, the larger the subsidy, the greater the deficit generated.* This principle is as irrefutable as the Peter Principle, which also applies in this case, and which states that every employee is ultimately promoted to his level of incompetence.

What is needed is some device to keep union demands within reason and permit management to concentrate on trying to generate an efficient system that will serve the public. The following suggestion would produce this necessary miracle and is, with some selling of the idea, politically feasible.

THE ELEMENTARY BASIS of the idea is to sell off the subway system line by line over a period of about five years. The fundamental elements of the scheme are 1) that there would be no price controls and no restrictions as to how the new subway firms would run their business other than those dictated by safety; and 2) the city would share in the profits of the system. Let us now consider the scheme in some detail.

Suppose we agree to sell off approximately one-fifth of the system each year. A team of evaluators, chosen partly by the city and partly by the potential bidders, will evaluate the net "market value" of the capital stock involved. This basic price must be paid in order to acquire the right to provide subway service in the city. The actual choice of which firms are to run and rebuild the subway will be by competitive bids on net profit share to the city; that is, the highest suggested share of gross profits (net of all capital costs) to be paid to the city wins the right to provide subway service on the line or lines bought. But it must be agreed that no price controls and no mandated service requirements will be imposed.

The city can, if it chooses, use its profit share to finance subway rides for the poor, or, alternatively, it can pay for the provision of uneconomical service. One objective here is to separate the running of an efficient transportation system from the politician's desire to subsidize certain parts of the electorate.

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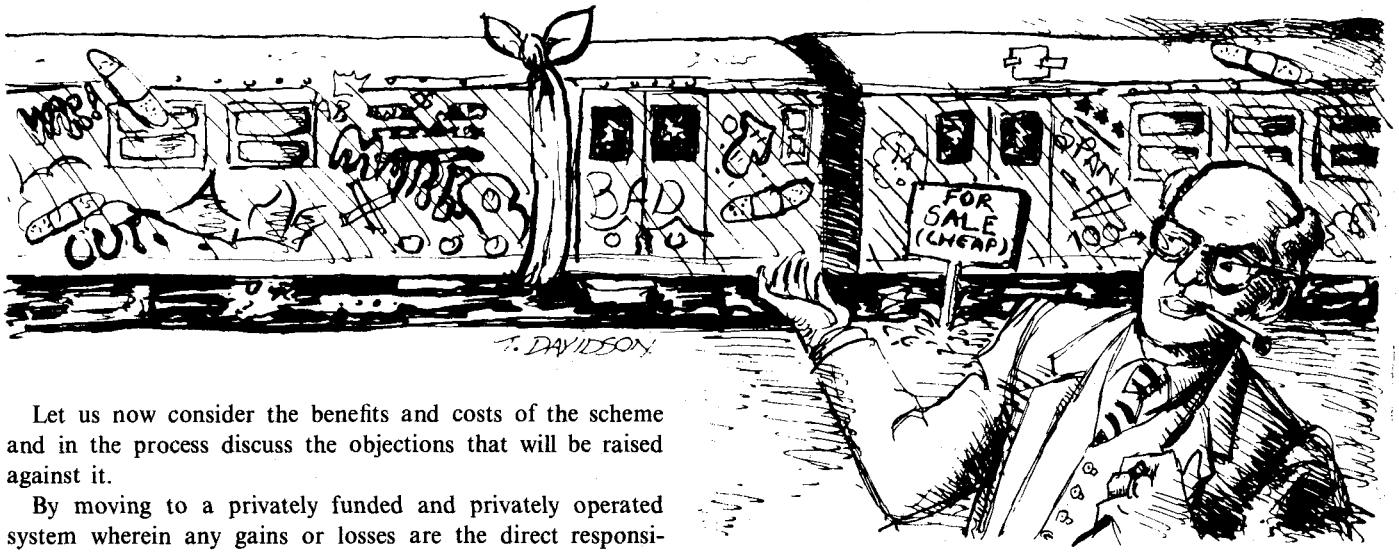

Let us now consider the benefits and costs of the scheme and in the process discuss the objections that will be raised against it.

By moving to a privately funded and privately operated system wherein any gains or losses are the direct responsibility of the owners, we will succeed in concentrating the mind of management. Only when management's job security depends on application and efficiency will there be a serious effort to control costs. The objective of the firm will become: to make money. But what is not generally understood is that this seemingly crass dictum becomes a guide for solving a million and one complex problems. To make a profit, the new owners must provide service at a lower overall cost to riders in terms of money, time, and irritation.

Private management is far more efficient than public management, simply because of the difference in the pressures it faces. In publicly owned firms not only are there fewer and smaller personal incentives to be efficient, but the politically expedient response, which tends to solve today's difficulty at tomorrow's expense, is ever present. This is because the time horizon for the payoff from political decisions is very short, often less than a year and seldom greater than a couple of years. Better for the politician to curry favor now and leave the problems to the next administration, the next generation of users. Better a popular stance on low fares today than to recommend the investment needed for a viable system tomorrow. Unfortunately, the outcome of this political exchange is worse for us, the rider and taxpayer.

While it is generally recognized that private firms face greater pressures to respond to consumer wishes and to hold down costs, it is not as well understood that private firms can withstand union pressures more easily. True, a powerful union may still be able to force inefficiencies and raise wage rates above competitive levels, but, for any given degree of union power, the deleterious effects will be less. Part of the reason is that the city and the state would be able to sit on the sidelines and blame strikes on management's intransigence, something they can't afford to do so long as the Transit Authority, their own creature, runs the system. When a public authority runs the subways, the unions recognize that they have direct access to the public treasury and general tax revenues—deficits created by their demands can always be filled out of public monies. If they are dealing with a private company, however, they have to reckon with the danger that they may cause it to go under, and this fear brings in a certain element of caution.

The most important action the city and state of New York could take while turning the subways over to private firms is a vow of abstinence from interfering in union negotiations and in the pricing of the service. If everyone believes that the city and state will not bail out the firm from union-induced cost escalation, that fact alone will go a long way toward moderating union demands.

Critics will claim that while these comments are all well and good, experience has shown that no private company can run a transit system unsubsidized and that, in the case of the New York subways, no private firm can raise the funds needed to rebuild the system. What experience has actually shown is that when transit fares are held below economic levels by government fiat, the incumbent firms will go broke, and no one else will be interested in the economic equivalent of self-flagellation. What is clear to even the most skeptical of critics is that there is an enormous reservoir of demand for relatively efficient transportation. Use of a car for a typical commuter costs at least one hour and $10 to $20 a day. Commuter buses cost $4 to $6 per day and are inconvenient because they must adhere to a fixed and limited schedule. This is the current competition for the subway and the railroads. If there were no price ceilings, the city would be flooded with innovative proposals for providing public transportation.

If, therefore, an end to price ceilings will give rise to a profitable situation, one need not worry about the ability to raise the necessary capital funds. It is true, however, that in the case we are discussing, the new firms will not be starting from scratch—they will inherit fifty years of neglect, incompetence, and entrenched union rules leading to gross operating inefficiency. They will also inherit 75 years of powerful municipal interference. It will take some persuading to convince buyers and backers that the city is serious about its commitment to nonintervention and its agreement not to impose price ceilings.

The issue of financial viability has now been reduced to emotional slogans: Only the "rich" will be able to afford to ride the subway; or, The subway is a monopoly and the public will be gouged unmercifully. Those enamored of municipal control and tax-based subsidies argue both ways—privately run systems are not financially viable, because no one will use them at the profitable price, i.e., there is strong competition; or the subway is a monopoly, so that people have no other options and must pay any price charged, i.e., there is no competition at all. In truth, subways face considerable competition, although, for some journeys, subways are clearly the preferable transportation.

Some idea of a profitable price can be inferred from several bits of information. The Regional Plan Association in

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New York has estimated that it would take a 45¢ fare increase (plus an average Long Island Rail Road fare of $2.15) to raise $1 billion a year for rebuilding the system. After eliminating all subsidies, and even before realization of the existing and known potential for efficiency gains, an average fare emerges of about $1.20, certainly less than $1.50. But fares within Manhattan could be about 75¢ to 90¢, and only fares to the outer ends of the outer boroughs would reach $2.00 or $2.25.

A counter argument that can be raised is that the price increases recommended will so lower demand that costs will have to rise even more. This argument is invalid on two counts. First, even accurate measures, if we had them, of the relative price responsiveness of demand are not terribly relevant in this situation since what is at issue is the demand for a vastly improved service, not a higher price for the same service as is provided now. What is needed to calculate the overall effect on ridership is to evaluate the responsiveness of demand to increases in quality; it is the net combination of quality and price that will determine the gain or loss in ridership.

The other count is the notion that if ridership falls, cents per rider must rise. This can only be true for a system locked into over-manning. For most firms, if demand falls permanently, then the firm shrinks to accommodate this change. It is usually only when demand falls to very low levels that one begins to experience serious increases in average cost due to a fall in demand. The subways are not anywhere near this point.

Another argument made by those who favor tax-supported systems is that if the subways were to charge the full economic cost, firms would relocate and New York would lose jobs. The argument is false. First, it is true that transportation is a key issue in a company's decision whether to remain in the city or relocate, but the point is *not* whether the fare is 60¢ or 75¢ or even $2, but the fact that employees are continually arriving late, rushing off early, unwilling to work late, tired, irritable, and exhausted from inhuman conditions on the subway—in short, it is the abysmal level of service which is the problem.

Secondly, no matter how low the nominal fare, the firm and its employees still pay, because the shortfall must be made up in taxes. Worse yet, as I have pointed out above, the very act of guaranteeing subsidies leads to unlimited increases in the costs of running the system and inevitable decline in the quality of service. A viable New York requires a viable transit system, and that requires a city government committed to open entry into the transit business, receptive to innovative ideas, and above all courageous enough *not* to set price ceilings. □

On the Road to Recovery

WITH THE NATION still in a recession, the economy isn't the only thing that's depressed around here. I found relief, though, in my well-worn road atlas. RELIEF is a small town nestled in the Appalachian highlands of North Carolina. By bestowing colorful place names such as PECULIAR, Missouri (south of Kansas City), FRUGALITY, Pennsylvania (near Altoona), and RECOVERY, Georgia (southwest of Jimmy Carter's hometown of Plains) on towns and villages across the continent, our ancestors dealt with harsh realities in a sometimes humorous, sometimes serious, but always honest way.

Who can forget, for example, that once money MENTMORE (New Mexico) and folks were LIVENGOOD (Alaska)? Whether it's called DINERO in Texas, WAMPUM in Pennsylvania, or cold CASH in Kentucky, I know I NEEDMORE (Pennsylvania).

Whether you're a DEMOCRAT or a REPUBLICAN in Indiana, a LIBERAL in Kansas, or a RADICAL in North Carolina (a hamlet west of Winston-Salem), politicians of all persuasions offer the same: a NEW DEAL (Texas), a NEW ERA (Michigan), or the PROMISED LAND (a Louisiana township). I just hope that I'm not left with NOTHING (Arizona), a big fat ZERO (Montana), or a GOOSE EGG (Wyoming).

Even with REAGAN (Texas) in the WHITE HOUSE (Tennessee, just north of Nashville), the ECONOMY (Indiana) is, at best, only SOSO (Missouri). I'm willing to give the PRESIDENT a FAIR CHANCE (both in Pennsylvania), and he appears ROUGH AND READY (California), but I harbor doubts about SUPPLY (North Carolina)-side economics.

It's not that I'm not trying to help things along. I have every GOOD INTENT (Pennsylvania), and have tried my hand at business. I once opened a used-car lot in LEMONS, Missouri, sold real estate in LOUSY DEAL, Nevada, started an employment agency in LOAFERS GLORY, North Carolina, and sold tape recorders in NIXON, New Jersey. But the results were always DISMAL (North Carolina).

Once I had dreams of dazzling NEW DIGGINGS (Wisconsin), perhaps a FANCY FARM in Kentucky (south of Paducah) or a RURAL RETREAT in Virginia's Wythe County. I'd be a New York SPECULATOR, with investments in GILT-edged (Montana) securities, STAMPS (Arkansas), or COIN (Iowa). My fortune might come from LAND in western Alabama or GAS in southeastern Kansas or PETROLEUM in eastern Indiana. If I traveled along Utah's Route 40, I'd be guaranteed to hit a GUSHER. What a life! I would finally hit the JACKPOT (Nevada).

I could envision my wife draped in a luxurious MINK (Montana) and flashing a sparkling DIAMOND (Oklahoma) in a PLATINUM (Arkansas) setting. We would trade in her old PLYMOUTH (Massachusetts), and my beat-up PINTO (Maryland) for a shiny, new CADILLAC (Michigan) and a spiffy MERCEDES (Texas).

WHERE ONCE I dreamed, though, now I WORRY (North Carolina). I'm afraid that if things don't improve, I'll be buying my clothes at GOODWILL (a Louisiana township) and be out of a JOB (West Virginia)—my only pay would be SEVERANCE (Colorado). You'd find me out on the streets, a NEEDY (Oregon) person begging for people to toss some NICHOLS (New York), a DIME (Pennsylvania), maybe even a BUCK (North Carolina) into my TINCUP (south of Aspen, Colorado). In fact, if things get any worse, I might find myself in British Columbia without a PENNY to my name.

—JOEL LEVITT

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THE LESSONS OF 1958-1963

Don't Freeze Before You Negotiate

DAVID MARTIN

There is a term in Party jargon coined by Lenin himself: "a useful idiot." . . . The Soviet rulers have scored a spectacular victory: they have recruited millions of useful idiots to implement their bankrupt foreign policy. . . . We are into only the second year of a planned ten-year "struggle for peace." Within a few years, the whole earth will be trembling under the marching feet of the useful idiots, for their resources are inexhaustible.

—Vladimir Bukovsky, Commentary, *May 1982*

THE ENORMOUS confusion that the nuclear freeze movement has been able to generate is indicated by the fact that, on November 2, variously worded freeze referenda passed in eight out of nine states plus the District of Columbia, and 27 out of 29 cities and counties. Clearly, this is an issue that we are going to have to address in the interests of sanity and survival.

Apparently everyone thinks a nuclear freeze would be a good idea, including the nuclear protest movement, the Soviet Politburo, and President Reagan. The basic questions that have to be answered are: on what terms, and with what safeguards?

The position of the Administration is that before it enters into final negotiations for a freeze on nuclear-weapons levels, it considers it essential, as a preliminary, to agree on targets for across-the-board reductions in nuclear weapons. Phase I of its proposed schedule calls for reducing the total number of warheads on both sides to five thousand, from the present level of 7,500 on the Soviet side and slightly more on the American side. This would result in a correlative reduction in throw-weight. No more than half the remaining ballistic-missile warheads would be on land-based missiles. Phase I also calls for reducing the number of ballistic missiles on both sides to equal levels—an approximate reduction of 50 per cent. In the second phase, we would concentrate on achieving reductions in overall throw-weight, again with the target of approximate parity. After verifying these reductions, we could then enter into final negotiations for freezing nuclear arms at the new levels.

This approach is rejected by most of the nuclear-freeze movement because, in their eyes, it demands too many concessions from the Soviet side to make it practical. This is true, even though certain segments of the movement suggest that they too believe in a verifiable freeze. However, a closer examination of their various declarations indicates that, with few exceptions, they would like to see us freeze now and negotiate later.

The perils of freezing before negotiating can be illuminated by a careful study of the history of the freeze on nuclear-weapons technology—nominally a moratorium on atmospheric testing—to which we committed ourselves at the end of October 1958. There are many points of similarity between the "freeze that was," and the kind of freeze that a lot of enthusiastic activists—most of them innocent, but many of them less than innocent—are trying to push us into today.

Moscow's Objectives

Then, as now, the pressure for a freeze was generated by what was, on the surface, a broadly based international movement. Then, as now, this movement enjoyed the support of churchmen, professionals, women's organizations, trade unions, and civic organizations by the dozen. But then, as now, the movement was also supported by such notorious Communist fronts as the World Peace Council and the National Lawyers Guild; indeed, common sense suggests that only the Communist apparatus could have provided the degree of international coordination displayed by both movements.

Then, as now, the principal instrument was fear—then the understandable fear of atmospheric contamination and strontium 90 in babies' milk; today the understandable fear of a worldwide holocaust if both sides resort to the weapons they have in their possession.

Then, as now, the movement served Moscow's strategic objectives. Then the objective was to impose a freeze on American research and development in the field of nuclear weapons in order to enable the Soviets to catch up technologically. Now the purpose is to impose a freeze on deployment as well as on research and development in order to enable the Soviets to achieve qualitative, on top of their present quantitative, superiority in nuclear weaponry.

The Honor System

The earlier freeze began on October 31, 1958, when the U.S. completed a series of nuclear tests in the atmosphere. Simultaneously with the final test, the Eisenhower Administration declared it planned to observe a voluntary one-year moratorium on atmospheric testing. The Soviets responded by saying that they would do likewise. Thus began a moratorium based not on any formal agreement, but simply on the presumption that both sides would honorably observe it while negotiations proceeded on a formal test-ban treaty.

Once we had entered into this voluntary one-year moratorium, fear of an adverse international reaction made it difficult for us to terminate it. With a brief interruption in 1961, this honor-system moratorium lasted until the Limited Test Ban Treaty went into effect in October 1963. We had been fastidiously adhering to this unpoliced and unverifiable moratorium. But, on September 1, 1961, Khrushchev unilaterally violated the moratorium by staging a massive series of atmospheric tests, culminating in the explosion of a 58-megaton monster on October 20. There were some ringing statements at the time about Communist perfidy, and our del-

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egation walked out of the Geneva Conference as a demonstration of our outrage. Some six months later we staged a series of atmospheric tests of our own —much more limited than the Soviet series. Even before that, in November 1961, we had gone back to the conference table at Geneva, where we continued to make concessions. And after our own little test series, we again reverted to scrupulous observance of the letter and spirit of the honor-system moratorium.

There were very few critics of the moratorium on nuclear testing, Republican or Democratic, when President Eisenhower entered into it in September of 1958. Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut did take the floor of the Senate to denounce it as "the most egregious bipartisan act of folly in the history of the Republic." But the critics were sparse, because most politicians lived in fear of being portrayed as a monster who didn't care about strontium 90 in babies' milk.

By embarking on the moratorium, Eisenhower created a situation from which the U.S. found it virtually impossible to extricate itself—despite grave suspicions that the Soviets were not abiding by their part of the agreement. It also placed great pressure on the Administration and on our negotiators to make repeated concessions to the Soviets in order to achieve a treaty that at least provided for a plausible—or salable—degree of verification. At the same time, it made the Soviets more inflexible by giving them their principal objective without their having to submit to the constraints that a treaty might have imposed.

U.S. Concessions

Dr. Jerome Wiesner of MIT, who served as a science advisor to both Eisenhower and Kennedy, has argued repeatedly that it was American inflexibility that resulted in the breakdown of the comprehensive test-ban negotiations of 1958 to 1963. In fact, to be any more flexible than we were in Geneva from September 1958 to June 1963, we would have had to be invertebrates. The American side yielded on point after point after point. The Soviets, for their part, although they made some concessions on minor technical points, did not budge on any issue of substance. Indeed, they repeatedly reneged on positions they had previously agreed to.

Let me run through a partial list of the numerous concessions we made to the Soviets in order to achieve a comprehensive test-ban agreement that could justify the nuclear freeze.

Moratorium: We agreed to the unpoliced moratorium in the face of the long Soviet record of broken treaties and agreements. This violated what had up until then been a cardinal principle of our approach to disarmament—that every step toward disarmament had to be accompanied by appropriate and adequate means of verification.

Monitoring Stations: The initial American position when the Geneva Conference first convened in 1958 was that the enforcement of a comprehensive test-ban treaty would require a network of eight hundred stations worldwide. We then agreed on a formula with the Russian scientists that called for 180 stations worldwide, of which 21 would be inside the Soviet Union. By August 1962 we were down to eighty stations worldwide, of which eight to ten were to be in the Soviet Union.

In 1958, it was agreed that the monitoring stations would be manned by nonnationals of the countries in which they were located—that is, there would be international inspection. In August 1962 we accepted the Soviet proposal that each country would designate its own nationals to man the monitoring stations located in its territory, but under international supervision. By February 1963 we were prepared to accept national monitors without international supervision.

Control Mechanism: In 1958 we envisioned a control body in which Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union—the countries then in possession of nuclear weapons—would be represented and no nation would have the right of veto. By August 1962 we had accepted the Soviet position that the negotiations on the test-ban treaty should be merged with the 18-nation Disarmament Conference then going on in Geneva; that the Western and Communist nations should have equal representation (four for each side) on the control commission set up to oversee the implementation of the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty; that there should be five neutral nations on the commission. The operating budget, the appointment of the executive officer, the dispatch of investigative teams, and many other matters were made subject to veto by a requirement for unanimity on the part of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain.

On-Site Inspection: Our opening position in Geneva was that both sides should have the right to inspect all unidentified seismic events above the magnitude of five kilotons and 20 per cent of the unidentified events below five kilotons. By February 1961 we were down to twenty on-site inspections per annum; by May 1961 we were down to 12; by December 1962 we were down to eight or ten. Such an arrangement would have reduced the chances of identifying and verifying any underground test to very close to absolute zero.

Kennedy's Choice

While all of this was going on, the United States lived up to the very letter of the honor-system moratorium —or of the nuclear freeze, to give the arrangement its modern appellation. Indeed, we *more* than lived up to our commitment. The original declaration spoke only of atmospheric testing, leaving us free to conduct underground tests. Over the first two and a half years of the agreement, we conducted only a few small underground tests—it was anything but a vigorous program. But at the end of January 1961, we announced that even these tests would be terminated. In deference to the possibility of negotiating a comprehensive test-ban treaty, we not only stopped all testing and dismantled our testing facilities, but we virtually halted basic nuclear-weapons research. As President Kennedy put it on March 2, 1962:

> . . . in actual practice, particularly in a society of free choice, we cannot keep top-flight scientists concentrating on the preparation of an experiment which may or may not take place on an uncertain date in the future. Nor can large technical laboratories be kept fully alert on a standby basis waiting for some other nation to break an agreement. This is not merely difficult or inconvenient—we have explored this alternative thoroughly, and found it impossible of execution.

The Soviets, not surprisingly, did not freeze their research-and-development program. On the contrary, they stepped up their research and expanded their testing facilities. Finally, when all the preparatory work had been done, they let go in September-October 1961 with their mammoth series of atmospheric tests, which demonstrated that they had

(Continues on page 136)

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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THE JUDICIARY REFORM ACT

Restraining the Courts

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

THE EXTENT of the interference by the federal judiciary in matters of local concern has become so great that many people, perhaps most people, have come to believe that the powers of the judiciary should be curbed.

The Senate Judiciary Committee's Subcommittee on Separation of Powers, of which John East is chairman, has responded with a bill entitled the Judiciary Reform Act of 1982, introduced last October 1. This was too late for the bill to be considered by the 97th Congress, but it will certainly be considered by the 98th.

The bill's most notable goal is to abolish the power of the federal courts to enforce against a state, or any subdivision of a state (e.g., a town or city), any claim based on the first eight amendments to the Constitution, the amendments that purportedly guarantee freedom of speech, of the press, and of religion, and forbid an "establishment of religion," unreasonable searches and seizures, compulsory self-incrimination, infliction of punishment or the taking of property without due process, and cruel and unusual punishments.

Media Opposition

These amendments were originally intended to apply only to the Federal Government, but some time after the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868—which unquestionably does apply to the states—the argument was made that the Fourteenth Amendment incorporated the first eight and thereby applied them to the states as well. This argument was resisted for decades—for most of a century in fact—but in the last thirty years the Supreme Court has increasingly accepted it in a tortuous process too long and complicated to be described here. Not only has the Supreme Court applied these provisions to the states, but it has given them highly extreme interpretations. As a result we have federal judges forbidding the observance of a moment of silence in public schools; running hospitals and prisons; ordering school busing; obstructing law enforcement; etc. When we see in the newspaper, "A federal judge today ruled that—" we shudder before we finish reading the sentence.

It is possible that the Supreme Court would dismiss the Judiciary Reform bill, assuming it were ever enacted, on the ground that the federal courts were simply enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment—i.e., that the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process clause embraced the provisions of the first eight amendments at the discretion of the Court. The bill contains a provision seeking to prevent such a ruling. What the Supreme Court might do about this will depend upon its membership and the mood of the time. We can be sure that the media would be in violent opposition not only to the bill itself, but to any Supreme Court ruling that upheld it in whole or in part.

The media will seek to terrify the public with stories of the awful things that will happen should the bill become law. These terrors will be imaginary. The principal effect of the incorporation of the first eight amendments has been to impair law enforcement, to license pornography of the grosser, more disgusting sorts (sodomy, for instance, was not publicly depicted until the Supreme Court began reversing state court obscenity convictions, in particular *Redrup* v. *New York*), forbid school prayer, etc. Prior to 1950, when the incorporation process got under way, the United States was generally recognized to be a free country. No one then suggested that the United States was a police state, and no one will suggest that we have become a police state once the bill is adopted (if it is), although anguished ACLU types will predict that in opposing the bill.

Another section would repeal the "exclusionary rule" by which evidence of guilt is excluded in a criminal trial if the law officer seized the evidence illegally. Put this way, the rule seems reasonable; the difficulty is that in determining what is "illegal" the courts have developed a code of police procedure almost impossible for the ordinary police officer, and even the Supreme Court, fully to understand. When four justices of the Supreme Court find an officer's conduct legal it seems unreasonable to reverse the conviction of a murderer because five find some minor and in fact meaningless procedural error, as happened, for instance, in *Coolidge* v. *New Hampshire*. The bill would, while admitting the evidence, have an offending officer punished for "contempt of the Constitution," but it does not provide any specific penalty. It is doubtful if such an offense could be punished without further definition.

Limitations of Power

Recently the courts have been relenting somewhat on the "exclusionary rule," saying that evidence is admissible if the officer acted in good faith despite technical error. Although hitherto the Supreme Court has refused to review decisions that have admitted such evidence and also has refused to review cases in which convictions were reversed by reason of technical error, the Court a few weeks ago set this very point down for argument. Although the exclusionary rule is unfortunate and does not exist in any other country in the world, it is perhaps better to await the outcome of the case now pending than to attempt to abolish the rule by a provision certain to arouse opposition that might endanger the entire bill.

The bill would eliminate the power of the federal courts to relitigate by writs of habeas corpus cases tried in the state courts that have resulted in convictions. Here again the goal is praiseworthy, but perhaps unwise to pursue at the present time. Recent Supreme Court decisions have greatly restricted this power, and indeed Justice Brennan, in a recent dissent, charged that the majority was determined to "emasculate collateral review." Here again, the trend of Court decisions being favorable, it is of doubtful wisdom to deal with the problem by a provision stirring up op-

(Continues on page 136)

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LAND OF THE FREE

Of Snags and Lights

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

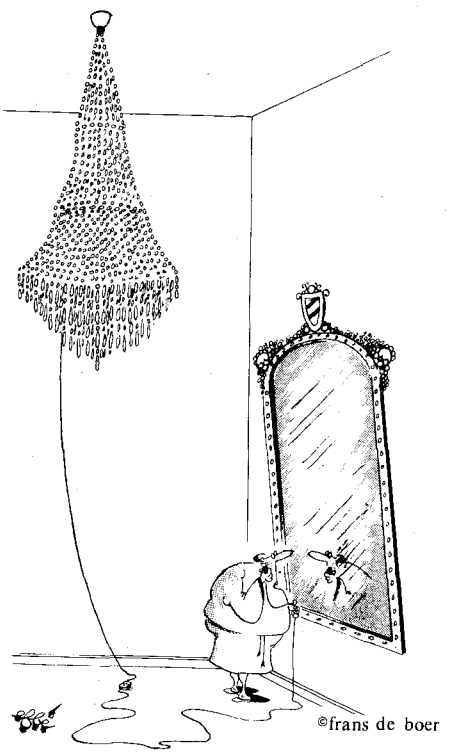
We have all heard the facile patter of the gentleman who is "in favor of liberty, but"—a phrase that usually opens the door to some such remark as, "but there are some things, some economic goods, that are obviously for the benefit of the people as a whole and cannot be supplied by private enterprise and must therefore be supplied by the government: lighthouses, for example." And then the cheap shots: "Imagine the *Queen Elizabeth II*, at three in the morning, in a force-ten gale, coming about and sending a launch across the murderous channel to pay five bucks to the lighthouse keeper, who's probably dead asleep!" Of course.

Of course not. The late President Franklin Pierce and I rise to oppose the motion. In the first half of the nineteenth century, you will remember (you will *have* to remember: I can't find the reference), a similar argument was made in behalf of the Federal Government's role in clearing snags from the Mississippi River. The river was not the territory of any one state; commerce benefited everyone whether he navigated the river or not; the safety of the crews was paramount (*salus populi suprema lex*, noted refuge of scoundrels); private venturers were not to be trusted; private ownership would be impractical. And then the cheap shot, vintage 1854: "Imagine the captain of a great steamer, carrying hundreds of important passengers downriver in the full flood of the spring crest, vainly attempting to make fast in the middle of the night at some dark and lonely outpost in order to pay his passage money to the drunken plantation owner!" Of course.

Of course not, said the splendid Franklin Pierce. He sought to reduce federal expenditures and simply canceled the snag-clearance program. Did commerce dry up? Were lives lost? Of course not. The insurance companies, seeing a risk where one had not been before, undertook to clear the snags themselves, and passed the costs along to the skippers in the form of slightly higher insurance premiums. The higher shipping costs were diffused among the selling prices of all goods shipped, and the market for snag clearance became *rational*: i.e., all who benefited from river commerce paid for it in direct ratio to their economic use of the river.

The same sort of case can be made for the private ownership of lighthouses. Murray Rothbard approaches this in *Man, Economy, and State*. Here your "liberty, but" gentleman will say, "Oh, I agree in theory, but it can't work in practice." Well, you can point to the historical experience with snag clearance; and you may as well point to the historical experience with privately owned lighthouses.

I do have this reference: it's an article in *Ireland Today*, the Bulletin of the Department of Foreign Affairs (Ireland), November 1981. Here we learn that the first Irish light, and the oldest continually established one, is probably Hook Point, in County Wexford, dating from the fifth century. We learn, moreover, that all the Irish lighthouses were privately operated by individuals until the mid-nineteenth century, when, by strange coincidence, in 1854—the same year in which Mr. Pierce took the Federal Government out of the snag-clearance business—the Merchant Shipping Act and the Dublin Port Act created the Commissioners of Irish Lights, a governmental agency that pays its way by collecting "light dues" based on the tonnage of vessels using Irish ports.



So there you have it: for 1,400 years the lighthouses of Ireland were privately owned and operated. The presumption is that the system worked satisfactorily. The only reason given for nationalizing it was, according to the article, a desire to "rationalize" the operation: i.e., to make it conform to a plan administered by a board of experts. England was beginning to go in for that sort of thing in 1854. We caught the illness some decades later.

If the excellent Mr. Pierce were running Ireland today, I'm sure he would sell the lights back to private owners. The insurance companies would doubtless form a clearing house for international accounts, and the clearing house would contract for the lights or buy them and run them itself. The clearing house gets its money in dues from individual insurance companies, whose interest is served by gaining access to the central-intelligence files of the industry. If you operate a vessel and buy insurance, you'll find the cheapest insurance is issued by companies that are members of the clearing house.

Who could possibly oppose such a magnificent plan? Why, all those who would have to pay for it. The great shipping companies, and private yacht owners, would have to give up the luxury of navigating by lighthouses that are maintained out of general tax revenues. The Kansas farmer would get the blue-water sailor off his back. We each would begin to pay our own way and, learning the real cost of goods, would begin to economize rationally. And (now I dream) we would put an end to the kind of government that Bastiat called "the great fiction by which everyone hopes to exist at the expense of his neighbor."

I'll send $2 to the first reader of *NR* who can give me a reference for Mr. Pierce's snag affair. □

Mr. Rickenbacker is an investment advisor and backwoods raconteur.

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SCIENCE NONFICTION

Mr. Heinlein's Children

JACK D. KIRWAN

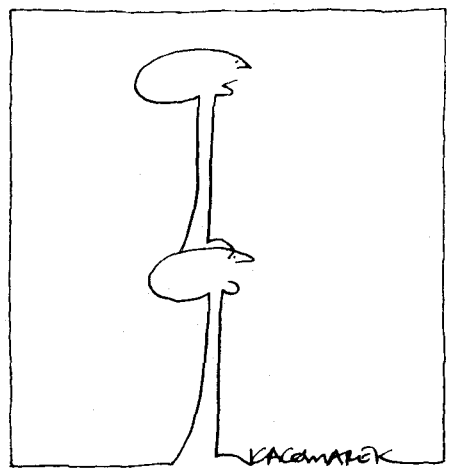
Los Angeles was a fitting locale for the First Annual Conference on Space Development. With its smog and urban sprawl, L.A. provided a perfect counterpoint to the clean, uncluttered reaches of space for more than seven hundred enthusiasts, activists, and hi-tech professionals gathered together by the L-5 Society.

The L-5 Society "was formed in September 1975 with the purpose of promoting space development in governmental . . . and private sectors." The name L-5 is short for the LaGrange libration point number five. A libration point is any area at which the gravitational pull of two bodies in space—in this case Earth and the moon—creates stability. (LaGrange discovered the principle.) These areas are ideal for man-made space colonies since the gravitational stability means that they would not drift away. There are five libration points created by Earth and the moon; L-5, which is one of the most stable, follows the moon in its orbital path. The last meeting of the L-5 Society is scheduled to take place in one of these future colonies. Then the society will close up shop because it will have fulfilled its purpose.

Back in 1979, the L-5 Society made its presence felt by leading the fight to prevent President Carter from signing the UN Moon Treaty, which would have effectively killed any private-sector ventures in space. Indeed, not only would extraterrestrial capitalism have been scotched, but the entire U.S. space program would have been seriously curtailed.

To the uninitiated, the idea of *seriously* promoting space colonies and industrial development on the asteroids may seem like the wildest fantasy. *Star Trek* stuff. Not so. The developability of space is as real as salt and pepper. Barry Goldwater, for example, is on the board of directors of L-5. The scientists, scholars, and writers who serve on L-5's board are people with their eyes on the stars—and their feet on the ground. To be a successful visionary means having very strong roots in practicality.

It should come as no surprise that there was a very high percentage of world-class science-fiction and science-fact writers at the conference: men such as Ben Bova, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle—and Robert A. Heinlein. For those unfamiliar with the genre, Heinlein bears the same relation to modern science fiction that George Washington bore to his country. In forty years of writing, Heinlein was a major force in bringing science fiction up from the pulps and making it literature (often with a capital L). But his name doesn't pop up much in the fashionable, artsy-craftsy literary world. Heinlein doesn't have time for Angst and despair and hopelessness and negativism. His gospel of optimism, growth, and, above all, competence doesn't go down very well with the "I am a stranger and afraid in a world I never made" crowd. When one of the invited guests, James French, said, "I read *Rocket Ship Galileo* [one of Heinlein's novels] in junior high and was never the same since," everyone in the audience knew what he meant. The Space Development Conference was a family gathering of Mr. Heinlein's children.



"I'M FOR TOGETHERNESS. HOW ABOUT YOU?

For centuries, men have dreamed of going into space. Cyrano de Bergerac (the real one, not the touchy character in the play) wrote several science-fiction tales about different techniques of space travel. In addition to carrying buckets of dew (dew rises, right?) and being hauled up by birds, he also tried the crazy idea of using rockets to leave the earth. Over the centuries other writers, from hacks to geniuses, have speculated about space exploration. But it has been only within our lifetime that space travel and development have gone from interesting speculation to a definite possibility. And the variations on possibility were what the conference was all about.

One topic of prime concern and interest was the military uses of space. The main speaker on this point was a retired infantry officer, Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham, a military advisor to Ronald Reagan during the presidential campaign and now the director of Project High Frontier. In General Graham's words, High Frontier would be "a technological end-run around the Soviets." In essence, the 175-page High Frontier report calls for going away from the Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) policy we now have to one of Assured Survival by providing a layered strategic defense of the United States. This would begin with a basic point defense of U.S. missile silos, then a spaceborne capability to destroy hostile missiles within the first eight minutes of launch, and finally a spaceborne capability to intercept re-entry vehicles in mid-course.

High Frontier, General Graham said, would close America's "window of vulnerability" in two years and get rid of MAD in five to six years. In space weaponry, time is of the essence, not only because of the Russian threat, but because, as General Graham puts it, "We cannot be so far in the future that a politician who gets elected every couple of years couldn't care less." (High Frontier, however, is extremely controversial, and many experts in the field question General Graham's estimates of what it will cost.)

Some people (notably among the clergy) would like to see space kept clear of warfare—but the toothpaste can't be put back in the tube. Long ago, the Soviets tested nuclear killer satellites and ICBM interceptors, and L-5

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experts believe that 85 per cent of what the Soviets now have in space has military value. Since the days of the Sumerians it has been a military axiom to "take the high ground," and near-Earth space is the high ground of the late twentieth century.

Another myth exploded (again) at the conference was that there is an inherent contradiction between military efforts and peaceful development of space. One speaker called it a "two-horse operation," citing the fact that nineteenth century civilians went on to settle in places like Fort Wayne, Fort Smith, Fort Worth, Fort Collins, etc.

THE BIGGEST opposition to the military utilization of space doesn't come from the doves or the no-growth types, however. It comes (surprise) from the Pentagon.

Actually, this is nothing new. The naval history of the nineteenth century consisted mostly of fierce opposition by stand-pat admirals to the steam engines and armor plate that would put their beloved wooden sailing ships out of business. And the Billy Mitchell trial was only sixty years ago . . .

But the conference was not all weapons and laser-rattling. Most of it was devoted to the peaceful, scientific, and money-making uses of space. And here again—if history is any indicator—the conference probably erred on the side of caution. Almost every major technological advance since the wheel has brought not only the expected results, but side-effects that the inventors and proponents never dreamed of.

For example, in the 1890s it was fairly easy to predict the dominance of the automobile and the eventual elimination of the horse and buggy. Somebody a little sharper than most would have foreseen developments like the growth of the road network (at the turn of the century there were fewer than a thousand miles of good rural roads in the whole country) and of the petroleum and steel industries. But nobody predicted, for example, the phenomenon of suburban shopping centers or—even harder to have spotted—the radical changes in American courting and sexual customs brought about by the auto. We are at that same stage now regarding space development.

Some space applications, however, are inevitable. As G. Harry Stine (one of the conference speakers) pointed out in his book *The Third Industrial Revolution*, space has great advantages over Earth in at least four major areas—energy, temperature, vacuum, and gravity. Let's take a brief look at all four.

Energy: In Ben Bova's words, "Energy is abundant in space, almost embarrassingly so. The sun shines constantly, and solar energy can be converted into electricity in any of several ways or used directly as heat." There is no OPEC in space. Not only does this mean free energy for space operations, but also the very real possibility of giant solar power satellites (SPS), which would convert solar energy into electricity by means of photovoltaic cells and beam it down to receiving stations on Earth. Buck Rogers fantasy? Hardly. A scholarly quarterly edited by Dr. John Freeman of Rice University, the *Space Solar Power Review*, is busy answering tomorrow's questions today.

Temperature: It's done with mirrors. Sunlight can be focused to produce temperatures of thousands of degrees—or blocked off to get close to absolute zero. Anyone familiar with the costs *and* pollution problems of achieving sustained temperature extremes on Earth can spend hours thinking up new systems.

Vacuum: Space is, of course, a vacuum, and a good deal of the cost of such things as drugs, pharmaceuticals, electronics, metals, and vitamins comes from having to make a vacuum here on Earth. Up there it's free.

Gravity: Not only is zero gravity useful for a host of manufacturing operations, but it is a far better environment for the infirm, the aged, and many of the chronically ill. Low gravity takes much of the workload off the heart, and bodies will not have to support the weight they do on earth. And because of the calcium loss in space, old bones may well not be as brittle as they become down here. But isn't *this* at least a wild dream? Isn't space flight only for tough young astronauts in the bloom of youth? Aren't the pressures of blast-off too much for anyone not in prime condition? Well, in 1985 the Space Shuttle will carry its first paying passenger. His name is Walter Cronkite and he will be over seventy years old.

Other conference sessions dealt with actual living conditions in space. In the popular mind, thanks to some bad magazine covers and worse movies, living conditions in space are thought to be something like a destroyer wardroom or IBM hallway. Spare and stark. Not necessarily so. The L-5 colonies (each having some ten thousand people working and living in them) will have trees, flowers, restaurants, gardens. The future doesn't have to be battleship grey. This was one of the main ideas of the Space Development Conference, a point probed from many different angles. Space colonies or lunar or asteroidal bases will not just be military or research centers. People will live up there, marry, have children, build careers.

As Dr. Brian O'Leary, a conference speaker, pointed out in his book *The Fertile Stars*, space has everything—soil, water, minerals—that is needed to grow crops except seed. Not only will space be self-sufficient in food, but it could well become the breadbasket of the world, dropping produce down the "gravity well" to the Indias and Bangladeshes of this overpopulated world.

This brings up an important point. The theme of the L-5 Conference was not "get out into space and to hell with everybody left behind." Far from it. The idea was that only by going into space can we resolve the world's major problems—nuclear confrontation, energy crises, famine, pollution. The mood of those attending was one of optimism—the complete antithesis of the doomsday, Club of Rome, Ralph Nader, antirational, back-to-the-cave types who have been so noisy in recent years. As the noted scientist Dr. Peter Vajk said, "We know we don't live in a world of limits. We live in a limitless world. If we do it right, everybody wins." Like any organism, we cannot just stay still and conduct business as usual. Either we expand outward to the stars or shrink inward with the Luddites.

Alas, there is no guarantee that America will be the premier nation in space. We have frittered away ten precious years since the Apollo program. Maybe it will be the Russians who settle space (heaven help our defense) or the Japanese (heaven help what's left of our basic industries). It depends not on them, but on us. In Robert Heinlein's words, "The whole American spirit has been one of frontiers. We are the sort of people who are suited to take on the endless frontier. The born losers would not make the effort, the cowards never started, and the weaklings died on the way." For the benefit of those with limited imaginations, he added firmly, "Those who made it will populate not only this Solar System." □

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Infants and Ideology

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

AN ODD THING is going on among religious socialists these days. Whenever they encounter ideas different from theirs, they scream: "ideology." Many of them seem to be so accustomed to having their own ideology confirmed by a like-minded press that they confuse it with reality itself. Further, they say that *they* are concerned with "persons," while those who hold different views care only about abstractions.

Actually, both democracy and capitalism came into existence as protests against unnecessary suffering and oppression. Consider the eight hundred million inhabitants of this planet in the year 1800, nearly all living under tyranny, in hunger, ravaged by disease, and bound in ignorance of sanitation, hygiene, and elementary medicine. The great difference between 1800 and 1983 is not simply that the world's population has grown by a factor of almost six, but that most of those who are born now live, on average, thirty years longer than formerly. There are still 750 million hungry ones; but now there are 3.7 billion who are not hungry.

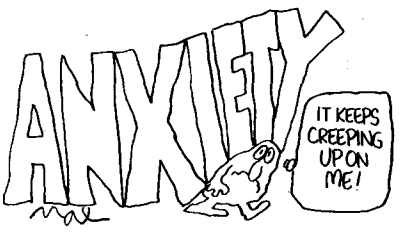
Sound Economic Base

Nonetheless, children still die, and ideology still kills. Thus, the United Nation's Children's Fund (UNICEF) reports that 10.3 million infants under the age of one died during 1982, while 122 million babies were being born. Compared to days when two of every five infants routinely died, the recent ratio represents improvement; but there is less and less reason why these innocents should die at all.

In a real sense, most of these 10.3 million children die because of inefficient and badly designed systems of political economy. Systems have consequences. Parts of the world that as recently as fifty years ago suffered under similar grim fatalities no longer do. The deaths of these 10.3 million are not randomly distributed; their locations are concentrated and specific: most die under socialist or traditionalist Catholic political economies.

These babies do not die because nature and nature's God have been so niggardly that this earth cannot support its newborn. They are victims of maldirected systems. Clearly, the task for each nation is to produce sufficient wealth to meet its necessities. But how can such wealth be created? This is the question Adam Smith was the first to raise in his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. He envisioned an interdependent, lawful, peaceful world within which the tyrannies of ignorance, poverty, disease, and famine would be lifted from the human race. The traditions of the humanities and social sciences today are often hostile to Adam Smith, but he must at least be given credit for his vision of development, interdependence, and the placement of a sound material base under every human being on this planet.

When the American and European economies did not collapse after World War II, as the Marxist notions of the 1930s had led many to expect, and when Stalinist cruelty became better known, many former socialists earlier attracted to Marxism redirected their attention away from both the West and the East; thus, socialist thought since World War II seems disproportionately strong in circles concerned with Third World development. As a consequence, the new elites of Asia and Africa, not least those trained by the French, the Belgians, and the British, but even many who studied at North American universities, tend to identify socialism with human liberation, and capitalism with evil.



It is rare to hear at the United Nations, even from representatives of successful "mixed" economies, any praise for the *capitalist* part of the "mix" (property, markets, incentives, the limited state). The ordinary vernacular is socialist—far closer to the concepts of the USSR and Cuba than to those of the U.S., West Germany, or Japan.

When a traditionalist, pre-capitalist society (like most of those of the Third World) becomes socialist, it need not make many structural changes. As before, one class makes all significant moral, political, and economic decisions. A new class replaces the old feudal class of landholders, the military, and the clergy. Collectivist habits parallel ancient tribal habits. Invention, dissent, and individual creativity are stifled for socialist reasons, as earlier (though usually to a lesser degree) they had been stifled for traditionalist reasons. True, socialist ideology is usually hostile to traditionalist values; the ideal of the "new socialist man" is commonly materialistic, anti-religious, and totalistic. But looking merely at the concentration of authority, from traditionalism to socialism is not so long a step.

A Religious Imperative

The young elites of the Third World are just beginning to reflect on the record of achievement and failure during the past 25 years of "nation-building." A large majority of countries, especially in Africa, tried various sorts of socialist experiments. No African nation grows as much food today as it did 25 years ago. The land is not now more barren, nor do farmers work less hard. But pricing policies, tax policies, collectivization, and other devices of political economy have stifled growth. The younger elites now recognize this.

Some day, infants in such great numbers will not unnecessarily die. Much can be done. Since much that needs to be done is systemic, argument over ideas about political economy helps prevent children from dying in the night. Ideology may seem idle, but systems either produce liberty and bread or do not, and ideology, alas, makes systems. Clarity about what works is a religious imperative, if you believe the hungry should be fed, slaves freed, and the poor uplifted. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Pragmatic Mystique

JACQUES BARZUN

EVERYBODY uses it. Everybody believes it means something that no other word means. Everybody feels it is emphatic and clinching. And everybody who calls a person or an action pragmatic charges the word with a prejudice that is seldom clear to user or reader. In fact, the adjective form has been degraded to convey not a description of thought but a moral judgment, largely adverse. During the past months I have culled from books, the press, and casual conversation well over two hundred uses of the word; nearly all contain or imply disparagement. Some do suggest that there is something astute or hard-headed about the pragmatist. But it is always a left-handed compliment; to say pragmatic is to say second-best, below standard for a worthy person. Not one use in my collection has to do with William James's historic Pragmatism or indeed with mind in search of truth. When "pragmatic test" occurs, it denotes success achieved in a rough-handed way, unhampered by scruples. Here are, from two works of fiction, plain words that show the prevailing bias:

—"That's pragmatism," I said, "and I've been taught that pragmatism's naughty."

—"Stick to the concrete. You will be much happier."
"You are a pragmatist," said Mr. Smith.
"Now that really is an unkind thing to say."

During the last elections, *pragmatic* and *pragmatism* were of course continually bandied about. Applied to candidates for office, the meaning was "getting things done, and without kid gloves." One hears little of candidates who do not want to get things done—there is no word for them. But all would apparently prefer to achieve by divine grace, without being "pragmatic." Pragmatism, in short, is represented as the antithesis of principle. A columnist justly famed for his keen mind and deft use of words writes: "Frankly the pragmatists have all the fun. . . . Moralists, on the other hand, are pests." And he goes on to advocate morality in business and foreign policy.

In daily use, the close kin and the opposites of *pragmatic* and *pragmatism* are bewildering, and so are the paired words that seem required to help out the sense:

—. . . largely unencumbered by dogma, modern and pragmatic.
—Basing foreign policy on pragmatism and idealism . . .
—The couples take the wait to get married pragmatically as well as philosophically.
—As a critic of poetry my position is pragmatical or traditionary.
—Stendhal's philosophy is an attitude, a pragmatic and practical combination of theories, reflexions, and observations.
—We did not waste time on unrealistic rhetoric or unattainable objectives. We dealt with pragmatic solutions to the problems. *(The President of the United States, talking to reporters after an international conference.)*

Then, too, the reader encounters such phrasings as: "the pragmatic conservative"; "pragmatism, not conservatism"; "a centrist streak of pragmatism"; "socialist pragmatic principles"; "professional and pragmatic"; "creative and pragmatic ideas"; "stubborn instead of passively pragmatic." "Pragmatic pregnancy" is explained as having a child in order to qualify for welfare support. These uses suggest that ideals, principles, theories are admirable but ineffectual. This comes over plainly in another of my cullings: "He said a lot of the right things, but I'm a pragmatist." And to round out the series, a puzzling remark that should interest critics and gourmets: "Those beaded bubbles? Well, Keats was a pragmatic drinker."

EVEN THIS overdose of examples does not exhaust the intellectual laxity of the wretched word. But it does prove beyond doubt that the root idea of pragmatism and the pragmatic test is totally absent from the current usage. "Pragmatic," in short, is one of those words like "romantic" that are thrown into a sentence for the small pleasure of labeling without thinking. In good writers, who avoid empty gestures, the word is most often used as a needless synonym for practical, with a connotation of self-interest. Alan Paton, for example, tells us in his autobiography that one should dedicate one's life to a cause greater than oneself,

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but that besides this duty there is "a second reason, purely pragmatic, namely, that one is going to miss the meaning of life if one doesn't." It might be supposed that learning the meaning of life was as lofty a purpose as serving a great cause; or conversely, that both had a "pragmatic" regard for self in the shape of self-fulfillment.

The lesson to draw from so much verbal floundering is that it betrays our mixed feelings and shuffling attitude about thought and action. To strive to make the ideal real and actual is no longer seen to be a high achievement; it is a low endeavor. Sometimes, the concrete imagination does reawaken and give praise, grudging, shamefaced, or defiant, to the person or purpose that aims at accomplishing. Why there should be a choice between the two, with honor attached to theory and odium to practice, is not explained. Perhaps it is not even a conscious thought. Opinion takes for granted that the practical is faulty, it being so hard to work with. Few people note that there is usually the error of excess in the promise of the ideal. As a foreign correspondent truly says: "In the battle for hearts and minds, pragmatism simply cannot compete with the ideals, the martyrs, above all the passion, of ideology."

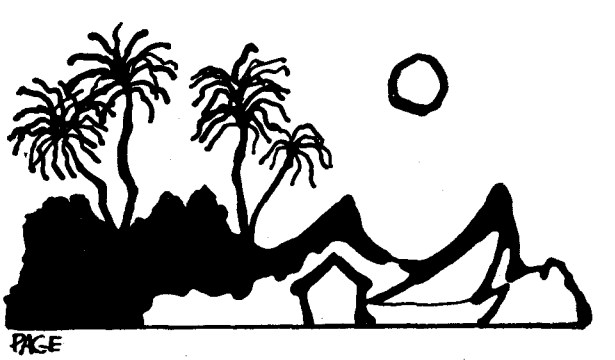
After sampling this grand confusion any thoughtful person will wonder whether the word pragmatic is worth keeping in his vocabulary. Perhaps James's definition and test of truth ought to be baptized anew. But while we are awaiting the second christening, it may be possible to clear our minds of cant and ascertain what James meant by Pragmatism. Since he called it 'a new name for some old ways of thinking,'* it should not strain our wits to make out his intention. It was a comprehensive one: to show what we actually mean when we say "truth"; to give an account of how we discover truths; to state a test for any proposed truth; and to explain the relation that truths bear to reality. His inquiry was, as he said, a complete 'overhaul of the idea of truth.'

IN THE *Principles of Psychology*, 17 years before *Pragmatism*, James's description of the stream of consciousness had shown experience to be fleeting, variable, helter-skelter. If we have the power to work upon it, by attention, by forming concepts, by combining images, then we need a way of making sure that the account we give of any experience, the bearing of any connections we discover, is solid, reliable, and permanent because it is rooted in the nature of things. But how do we reach the assurance that warrants saying, "This is true"? And what, in fact, is the nature of truths?

One would suppose that the meaning of *true* and the signs of truth would have been settled long ago. Not so. All thinkers acknowledge that although mankind has always held many truths as permanent and unquestionable, these truths vary none the less, from place to place and mind to mind, and especially from time to time. Science, which "progresses" (i.e., varies), offers a good example of truths changing in time; religions and moral codes show truth's variability from place to place and mind to mind. This predicament calls for an investigation of truth, a bedrock statement of what it is. In the history of Western thought two accounts have been repeatedly offered: that is true which copies or matches reality; that is true which is consistent with itself and other truths.

The copy or matching explanation is seen to have a fatal flaw from the moment one understands the stream of consciousness. "Copying reality" must mean that over there is a reality; here in the mind is a copy being made of it; to find the truth, see if the two match. Actually, no "copying" can take place, because no reaching out to "over there" is possible. What the mind sees, feels, gets hold of in whatever way, comes in one continuum—its own experience—not two. So there is nothing to match up, no direct testing of a "copy" against its original.

Consistency or coherence as a test proves just as false in the long run. For, in the first place, how are those earlier truths verified which demand consistency from the new one? And, in the second, it often happens that two or more divergent schemes of thought show equal consistency and leave us wondering which of them is true. The possibility of dif-



*Single quotes mean that the words are by William James. —JB

RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: In *The Truth about the Neutron Bomb: The Inventor of the Bomb Speaks Out* (Morrow, $12.50), Sam Cohen denies that this weapon is possessed of any inherent inhumanity or that its use would lead inevitably to nuclear war on a broader scale, and suggests that Western Europe is from an American standpoint currently indefensible. . . . *The Goebbels Diaries, 1939-1941* (Putnam, $19.95), translated and edited by Fred Taylor, is a revealing document that throws light on the early years of World War II and on the Hitler ministry.

Vladimir Nabokov: Lectures on Don Quixote (Harcourt Brace, $17.95), edited by Fredson Bowers, consists of Bowers's expansion of notes prepared by Nabokov in 1951-52 for his Harvard lectures on Cervantes.

■ SOME MARCH TITLES: *Inside the Soviet Army* (Macmillan, $15.95), by Viktor Suvorov—a former Soviet military officer of high rank who defected to the West—describes the organization of "the striking force of world revolution" and the system that manages it. Suvorov claims that the Soviet leadership at present considers a massive pre-emptive attack to be the best means of self-preservation.

Herbert S. Parmet's *JFK: The Presidency of John F. Kennedy* (Dial, $19.95) is the succeeding volume to *Jack: The Struggles of John F. Kennedy*. While he obviously admires Kennedy, Parmet describes him as a "cautious, hesitant President" who presided over an Administration in which "Glamor overshadowed quality." . . . In *Consequences of Party Reform* (Oxford, $17.50), Nelson W. Polsby argues that the recent "reform" of the rules governing the selection of Presidents has had the opposite of its intended effect, weakening parties at the grass-roots, increasing the leverage of special-interest groups and the media, and alienating ordinary voters. —CW

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ferent geometries based on opposite axioms is fatal to the test of consistency.

A system coherent within itself can also fail because fresh experience upsets one part or another, or because the demonstration of coherence depends on words that a hair-splitting mind may find ambiguous—double meanings, distinctions ad infinitum. Many proofs of the existence of God have succumbed in this way, though at first they satisfied not only the inventor but also his critics; the sharpest minds found no flaw.

The problem for James then was: how to account for the variability of truth and how to get around the weakness of the copy and consistency doctrines. His answer was this: When the natural purposiveness of the stream of thought is directed rationally for making sure that an idea is right, the search is "pragmatic" in the sense that it looks chiefly to what follows, not backward to precedent or sideways to an "original." The mind perceives many bewildering things and frames many conceptions of them. To be called true, these ideas must correspond and must agree, as previous thinkers maintained; but with what? Agreement can only be found in the fitness of further experiences—objects seen or actions made possible.

For example, when a stick is half dipped in water we see certain lines and colors that make us think it broken—we know from past experience that that is how a broken stick looks. But if we have any doubt, we slide our hand along the stick in the water and feel no break; the idea "broken stick" is not true; it disagrees with a subsequent, relevant experience. The pragmatic test is repeated when we pull the stick out of the water, see it whole, and lean on it—*not* broken.

In this sequence, the role of the idea is to lead us through action toward a fresh and fitting experience. Its power to do that is its truth value. It may be said more generally about theories: 'none is absolutely a transcript of reality, but any one of them may from some point of view be useful. Their great use is to summarize old facts and to lead to new ones. They are only a man-made language, a conceptual shorthand, in which we write our reports of nature.'

James's description thus supplies the concreteness missing from both the copy and the consistency theories of truth. At the same time, the new definition supplies a standard of judgment: 'The true is only the expedient in the way of our thinking.' Or again: 'Truth is simply a collective name for verification processes, just as health, wealth, strength, etc., are names for other processes connected with life. Truth is *made*, just as health, wealth, and strength are made, in the course of experience.'

THE MAKING of truth might also be expressed as: Go and see if experience *responds*; find out if later perceptions within the same field of interest bear out the interpretation, the formulation given tentatively at the outset. Note also whether the new idea fits in with earlier accepted ones. For 'Loyalty to them is the first principle—in most cases it is the only principle.' This use of consistency is no return to an old error; it falls in at a different point in the handling of ideas. 'A new opinion counts as "true" just in proportion as it gratifies the individual's desire to assimilate the novel in his experience to his beliefs in stock. It must both lean on old truth and grasp new fact.' To sum up: 'Ideas (which themselves are but parts of our experience) become true

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just insofar as they help us to get into satisfactory relation with other parts of our experience.'

But this leaves some further questions, which James discussed in subsequent statements. One such question is: "How do we know when the precise test applicable to a notion, to a hypothesis, has been devised and met?" Uncertainties in life are often more complex than that of the broken stick. The effort of thought is usually about probable results not clearly visible. How does one know that the right conception of the facts—the useful, necessary truth—has been reached? In an extended essay on "The Sentiment of Rationality," published some twenty years before his first lecture on Pragmatism, James replied in psychological terms: 'The only answer can be that he will recognize rationality as he recognizes everything else, by certain subjective marks. What, then, are the marks? A strong feeling of ease, peace, rest, is one of them. The transition from a state of puzzle and perplexity to rational comprehension is full of lively relief and pleasure.'

Some minds, of course, are satisfied sooner than others. They take simple views; others refine and distinguish; but all of them attempt to 'banish uncertainty from the future. The permanent presence of the sense of futurity in the mind has been strangely ignored by most writers, but the fact is that our consciousness at a given moment is never free from the ingredient of expectancy.' There is thus no instantaneous way to "see" the truth or the right. The notion of its sudden discovery as a ready-made thing—something like mislaid spectacles recovered—is an illusion, due either to the long diet of past truths fully formed that we are fed as children, or to the singling out of the moment of illumination after a long search.

At any rate, James's account of thought puts an end to the spectator conception of truth and unites the various types of search for the rational. Not scientific or empirical truth alone is found and tested by the matching of present experience with earlier and later, but what we call moral truth, artistic truth, historical truth, religious truth, and right policy in any department of life. This comprehensiveness is important, for without it one is forced into the position of certain modern thinkers who say that all statements other than those empirically verifiable are but "emotional language," having no truth value and expressing nothing more than vagrant preferences.

As for workaday life, the pragmatic account of truth saves one from the ever-present false signals and fatal lures that derail thought from its intended goal—the concepts and clichés of so-called common sense. Of this perennial confusion Chesterton gives a stunning example in his *Autobiography*. People in his small town wanted to put up a war memorial. After raising the money, some decided it would be "more practical" to build a meeting hall. The new proposal split the community. Chesterton comments:

> If people thought it wrong to have a memory of the war, let them say so. If they did not approve of wasting money on a War Memorial, let us scrap the War Memorial and save the money. But to do something totally different which we wanted to do, on pretense of doing something else that we did not do, was unworthy of *Homo sapiens*. . . . I got some converts to my view; but I think that many still thought that I was not practical; though in fact I was very specially practical, for those who understand what is really meant by a Pragma. The most practical test of the problem of unmemorial memorials was offered by the Rector of Beaconsfield, who simply got up and said: "We already have a ward in the Wycombe Hospital which was supposed to commemorate something. Can anybody here tell me what it commemorates?"

The pattern of error is clear: the townspeople thought of a meeting hall as practical (because you can meet there endlessly) and of a war memorial as unpractical (because you can only look at it). But a monument does memorialize and a hall does not; therefore the bronze group of soldiers *is* practical *for the stated purpose*. The accomplished pragmatist is the person who keeps his notions in check by the concrete and the particular at the end of the line. □

Camus
By Patrick McCarthy
Random House, 359 pp., $17.95

ARIADNE'S THREAD

MARY SCHWARZ

Gabriel Marcel tells a story about a famous existentialist landing at an airfield. As soon as the philosopher steps out of his plane, he announces dramatically to waiting journalists: "Gentlemen, God is dead!"

Marcel's story is an apt parody of Albert Camus. We have only to think of Lucretius or Thomas Hardy to realize that stoical pessimism is not a new philosophy, but before Camus it had never been served up with such éclat.

Camus is an ambitious subject for a biographer to tackle. His style and identity were protean; he was at different times and in varying combinations a dandy and a tough, a bohemian and a paterfamilias, a libertine and a moralist. In politics, Camus tirelessly eluded identification with one side or another of the—admittedly complex—issues of his time. He criticized Marxist and capitalist utopians, but rejected socialism on the grounds that it "attempted too little." Although he maintained that murder was the only important philosophical problem, he wavered in his opinions of pacifism and the death penalty without ever attempting a written exposition of his thoughts about either. He believed that Russian Communism was in essence imperialistic, but he called for world government and a campaign against all wars. This ambivalence partly sprang from Camus's wish to forestall a break with left-wing intellectual society in Paris. "How little one says, and they are already screaming," he wrote in his last journal. But even this was complicated.

Camus's politics were tied to his metaphysical beliefs. These were, simply, that man could know nothing that was not immediately evident to his senses or his feelings. The greatest metaphysical error—the claim to knowledge of absolutes—leads to totalitarianism, the greatest political crime. "He who does not know everything cannot kill everything," he wrote. An authentic political philosophy "would be a philosophy of limits,

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of calculated ignorance, and of risk." All the elements that Camus eventually came to believe were essential to the best society—freedom, "limits," "natural associations" (family, neighborhood, country), even pacifism and the abolition of the death penalty—were the characteristic features of liberal democratic societies. But steeped in a romantic intellectual tradition, and of a temperament that yearned for aristocratic values, he was incapable of defending them. Camus took one unequivocal position: his witness against Russian Communism. *The Rebel*, a brilliant if grandiose history of revolution and revolutionary thought, is undoubtedly his best book.

The uncertain dimensions of Camus's life make him a dangerous subject for a mediocre biographer, and Patrick McCarthy is a case in point. Having officiously decided that Camus's novels are "what remains" of his work, McCarthy has written in essence a book of literary criticism—"unashamedly" mixed with biography, "because Camus's vision was more autobiographical than it seems."

IT IS NOT a happy mixture. Through McCarthy's incoherent narration, the chronological order of events is harder to follow than Ariadne's thread. And his critical analysis is crude, often incomprehensible:

> The lesson that experience is useless was a thoroughly Algerian one. Camus had learned it through his brush with death [from TB] and imparted it to the others. Benisti remembers a tomb bearing the name of the monk who had come from another country. This intrigued Camus: the monk had come from elsewhere for some unknown reason; he had prayed and died in Algeria and that was all. The beautiful countryside around showed that the Grecian sense of harmony between man and nature was a matter of a few moments only. Clearly there could be no natural or historical laws. Society was as arbitrary as death.

McCarthy is also an anti-anti-Communist, and this determines his judgment of Camus's moral character, as well as of his politics. "The Algerian war . . . tormented Camus who could not face the fact that the French must leave," McCarthy writes about the eviction of more than a million Europeans from Algerian soil. "His attitude was not very heroic nor very moral; it was a matter of instinct and emotion —he was a proud *pied noir*." Like Conor Cruise O'Brien, McCarthy inter-

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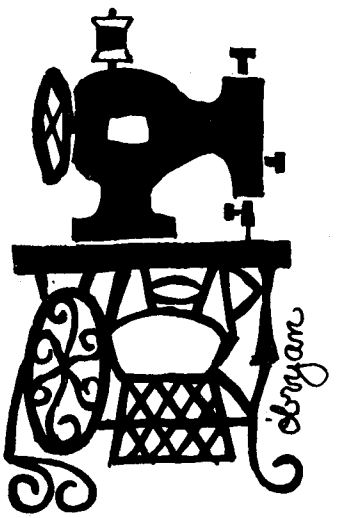
prets all of Camus's novels as attempts to reconcile the contradictions of colonial society in French Algeria. He broadly hints that the semi-autobiographical portrait of the hypocritical intellectual Jean Clamence in *The Fall* stemmed from Camus's guilt at siding against the Algerian revolutionaries. *The Fall* is set in Amsterdam, unlike the previous two novels, which were set in Algeria. With looking-glass logic, McCarthy sees this as *especially* significant: ". . . Holland is an anti-Algeria. It has no sunshine or deserts; it is a land of crowds, fog, and gin."

McCarthy pays least attention to what does in fact "remain" of Camus—the metaphysics set forth in *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus*. These he had worked out for himself by the age of 23, while still in Algiers, and he remained faithful to them all his life:

> Of whom and of what can I say: I know that! This heart within me I can feel, and I judge that it exists. This world I can touch and I likewise judge that it exists. There ends all my knowledge and the rest is construction.

Camus's naïve version of post-Cartesian dogma has been very influential. He may not have an entry in *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, but his books are still required reading in many American universities.

There is a reflex tendency to sum up Camus, as Raymond Aron did, as "less foolishly romantic than Sartre." In fact, his life and work only assume their real significance within a long cultural perspective. Camus's thought was derived from the Rousseauvian intellectual tradition of the Romantic Enlightenment (try to imagine him reading John Locke or the Federalist Papers). That ineluctably utopian tradition enclosed Parisian intellectuals in a world of their own. Unfortunately, most intellectuals, especially those who take Camus seriously, are still part of the same tradition. For a critical biography that places Camus's thought in perspective, we will have to wait a long time. □



Ralph Richardson: An Actor's Life
By Garry O'Connor
Atheneum, 260 pp., $14.95

Confessions of an Actor
By Laurence Olivier
Simon & Schuster, 348 pp., $16.95

ARTLESS DISCLOSURES

JOSEPH SOBRAN

"It's a funny thing about acting, I have nothing to say about it at all which is a bit odd because one does take such immense trouble to try and find the character, to create the character, that it is rather as if the memory vanishes." Thus Ralph Richardson in Garry O'Connor's warm biography, *Ralph Richardson: An Actor's Life*. A funny thing, all right, because from time to time Richardson is quoted making superb comments about how to address a certain role. He advises Olivier to speak the Queen Mab speech in *Romeo* very slowly: "It is a speech that depends on detail and if all the points are made will seem enormously brilliant, but if slightly rushed is just dull." Very shrewd, very practical.

Advising Olivier on how to play Henry V, he says, "You might say [Henry] was a cold-bath king, that he was a scoutmaster, yes. But you must remember he is the *exaltation* of scoutmasters." Not a trace of a theory of acting here: Richardson takes each part as a particular problem to be solved, the solution to be expressed, of course, rather than stated.

These two fascinating actors are only mildly interesting men, and they seem to know it. Richardson doesn't relish sitting for his portrait, however loving the portraitist. His brilliant shop talk in spontaneous conversation with Olivier, fragments of which are caught here, vanishes when he sits down self-consciously with O'Connor, and he is tongue-tied about his great art. Maybe he thinks some grand Stanislavskian statement is expected of him, and that the sort of detail that really absorbs his mind would be too petty for the public's attention.

Richardson is especially elusive. He has been married twice, both times to women he deeply loved. The first one, herself a brilliant actress, died of a form of encephalitis. He doesn't care to discuss it. That's that. O'Connor has done his homework, some intelligent speculating, and respectfully polished writing, clearly with the end of giving Richardson something more than the mere polite respect he generally receives; for, as O'Connor repeatedly and truly says, Richardson has an unparalleled gift for making goodness of character radiant. (See, for instance, his performance as the Reverend Gregory in *The Holly and the Ivy*.)

Richardson has gracefully and wistfully accepted a place in the shadow of the enormously dashing Olivier, his dear friend. "I haven't got Larry's splendid fury," he once observed, echoing James Agate's damning judgment that "he cannot blaze." He shouldn't underestimate himself. It really is a thousand pities that his Falstaff was never recorded—"best Falstaff there ever was," according to J. B. Priestley (and nearly everyone else who saw it). O'Connor manages to convey a hint of what that performance must have been like: a gent rather than a buffoon, with grand humor balanced by dignity and even poetry—a minimum of coarseness.

OLIVIER'S autobiography, *Confessions of an Actor*, has more confession by the sinner than analysis by the actor. You wind up knowing more than you wanted to know about his sex life and less than you had hoped about his approach to the great roles. He gave a wonderful interview on playing Othello to *Life* in 1964, but there is nothing to approach it in this book.

It is as if Olivier had decided, impishly, to satisfy all the vulgar curiosity about him that he has been discreetly frustrating for lo, these many years, at the same time subtly punishing the public by withholding any real revelations about the area of his genius. He is willing to go public with his erotic secrets, but not with his professional ones. So here you are, you bastards—read all about it! You've always wanted to know this, haven't you? But how I did Macbeth, Archie Rice, Lear—that's *my* little secret.

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At any rate, he has written a charming, funny book, the kind he knows he shouldn't have written and you know you shouldn't be reading, but one you laugh aloud at all the same. He is polite to everyone, including the man who cuckolded him (he feels he had it coming, having cuckolded his wife's first husband). He only erupts once: when he reminisces about Marilyn Monroe and Lee and Paula Strasberg. Maybe it's characteristic of the real distribution of his passion that stage matters excite that splendid fury of his long after he has regained his equanimity about personal matters. He is nearly as bitter about his treatment at the National Theater as about the behavior of Miss Monroe. Vivien Leigh and Peter Finch he has forgiven.

Maybe someday he'll write a book about acting. Will this entire generation of great English actors pass away without leaving a single major essay on the subject? Is the field to be left to technicians of breathing exercises and pompous theorizers? Kenneth Tynan once wrote an excellent little study of Alec Guinness, and nearly wrote one about Olivier, which would have been . . . oh, to think of it!

Meanwhile, we are lucky to have these actors as accessible as they are. Richardson, Gielgud, Scofield, Burton, Edith Evans, Anna Massey, Judi Dench, the Redgraves, and many others have recorded wonderful Shakespearean performances on Caedmon records. Thanks for that. The books are gravy. □

FILM

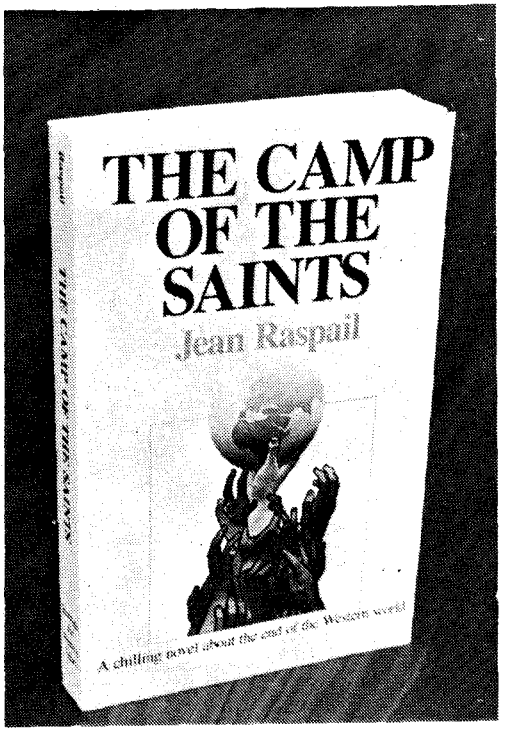
NEW WOMAN, OLD NEWMAN

JOHN SIMON

Tootsie is fun. There have been years, perhaps decades, in film history when that would have been modest praise, but these days, this year, a film that is more or less adult fun (although children can enjoy it too) is worth, in E. M. Forster's phrase about democracy, two cheers, anyway. Many screenwriters worked on the project, which underwent radical changes; Sydney Pollack, the director, and Dustin Hoffman, the star, had grave disagreements—probably fights—in the making of it. Bill Murray's part, apparently, got slashed so heavily that he wanted no screen credit. The film took forever to finish. And yet the result is not a patchwork, but a nice, continuous piece of work. Not the comedy of the decade, not a laugh riot, and not a significant step ahead in man-woman relations. But fun.

Michael Dorsey (Hoffman) is one of those difficult New York "method" actors. Because of what he would call perfectionism and directors a pain in the arse, and because his looks, too, are against him, he hasn't had a part in two years. He works as a waiter, conducts informal acting classes (there is no hunger like that of struggling actors for a guru), and wants to raise money for an avant-garde play, *Return to the Love Canal*, by his roommate, Jeff (Bill Murray). His hysterical part-time girlfriend, Sandy (Teri Garr), is turned down for the role of Emily Kimberley, the hospital administrator on the soap *Southwest General*, whereupon Michael disguises himself as one Dorothy Michaels and lands the part. His energetic, brusquely no-nonsense, tacitly feminist persona soon wins him adulation from the viewers, impresses the management (what with fan mail and ratings), and earns respect from his fellow actors. Though

The End of the Western World



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Ron, the arrogant director (Dabney Coleman), remains hostile, John Van Horn, the cast lecher who plays a doctor on the show (George Gaynes), is soon pursuing Dorothy, and Julie (Jessica Lange), who plays the promiscuous blonde nurse and is Ron's real-life girlfriend, develops a strong affection for her.

Only Jeff knows Dorothy's true identity. The imposture turns oppressive when Les, Julie's father and a good-natured farmer (Charles Durning), becomes enamored of Dorothy and wants to marry her, and when Michael himself falls in love with Julie, and when, moreover, Michael's ruthless agent (very well played by the director, Sydney Pollack), who earlier refused to submit his client for more jobs, now won't let him get out of this one. There are double-entendres, misunderstandings, complications galore that I would not go into if I could; suffice it to say that every ounce of humor is gotten out of the situation without squeezing too hard and effortfully, and, better yet, without ignoring the pathos that is also inherent. For the imposture, like its unmasking, brings about disappointments for some, and the guardedly, intelligently happy ending is earned with wistfulness as well as wit.

Nevertheless, there are a good many improbabilities here, disbelief in some of which is suspendable, in some not. Chief among the latter are Hoffman's excessive homeliness as a woman (he's no beauty as a man, either) and his terribly strained, rasping female voice. And some of the goings-on on this TV soap are a bit too much even for satire. Still, this is less important than the maturity and taste with which certain dicey episodes are handled—for example, the scene in which Michael, revealed as a male, tries to make peace with the humiliated and incensed Les; or the one in which Julie, concluding that Dorothy must be a lesbian with designs on her, becomes hostile and turns away. Even some of the raucously comic scenes are imbued with a certain tact, as when the horny Van Horn bulldozes his way into Dorothy's pad and, finding Jeff there, retreats embarrassedly. Only in some sequences in the TV studio, and the lunch scene between Dorothy and her/his discomfited agent, is comedy pushed into farce; but these, as also the various audition scenes where Michael is comically rejected, being madly show-biz, lend themselves to hyperbole.

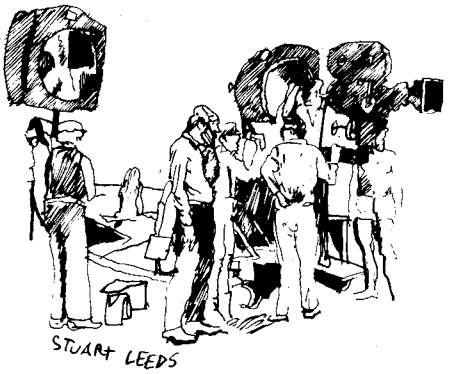
Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, who are credited with the final screenplay; Sydney Pollack, himself a quondam actor; and, of course, the notoriously hard-to-work-with Dustin Hoffman —all know the milieu of desperate New York actors, so that the anguished acting-exercise scenes and the overcompensatory gaiety of the party scene have a comic-horrible authenticity. The frantic would-be actress Sandy is particularly well observed; it is merely unfortunate that Teri Garr is herself so charmless and untalented that, instead of acting, she lives the part, which makes the spectator uncomfortable. Nor is Jessica Lange quite capable of conveying the unease of being gorgeous outside and benighted within. But others are wonderful: George Gaynes, as the hack actor and hack Lothario, splendidly unaware of his ludicrousness and endearingly funny-sad because of it; Charles Durning, as Les, barely controlling his ultimate rage, yet precariously salvaging some comic dignity; Doris Belack, as the ultra-efficient producer of *Southwest General*, allowing the robot within her a smidgen of humanity. And there is a delightful *objet trouvé* (I assume) of a performance from a toddler, Julie's child, for whom Dorothy baby-sits with cataclysmic results in one of the film's least resistible scenes.

And Hoffman? He works hard, is almost too believable as Michael, and is, though not a flawless, a likable Dorothy. One wishes he wouldn't go around giving interviews about how playing Dorothy has changed his life (even if it's true), and one wonders whether his performance is worth the $3 to $5 million (the cited figure varies) he was paid for it. Still, what American actor could have done it better, or even as well? And with Pollack's direction, Owen Roizman's sensitive cinematography, and shrewd costuming by Ruth Morley, *Tootsie* falls happily into place.

SIDNEY LUMET's *The Verdict* is as full of holes as a film can be. David Mamet's screenplay (very loosely based on a novel by Barry Reed) has effective dialogue, but hardly one believable plot element. I shall not spoil anybody's fun by listing the improbabilities and impossibilities that lead up to the final, immensely satisfying and totally spurious, triumph of beleaguered good; totting them up may be a game every viewer will want to play by himself. But this film about the rehabilitation of Frank Galvin, a drunken lawyer on the skids, who takes on two negligent doctors who turned a parturient young woman into a vegetable, the powerful Boston Catholic hospital where the tragedy occurred, the enormously adroit and large-staffed attorney for the defendants, a crooked judge, and even the mighty archdiocese that (semi-unwittingly) supports the malefactors—and somehow wins—brings out the underdog-lover in all of us. We go along, not only from an atavistic craving for fairy-tale justice, but also because so many secondary aspects of *The Verdict* are eminently satisfying.

There is, first, the production design of Edward Pisoni, which is subtly, oppressively felt throughout. This Boston (though some of it was shot in New York) is a truly obsolescent city, situated in a no-man's-land between past and present. The building that houses the hero's office, and that office itself, could not be a cannier blend of the seedy and the picturesque; by contrast, the superlawyer's office exudes all the fake assurance of costly traditionalism; and various hospital, court, barroom, funeral-parlor, and other settings all manage to be actively but understatedly unsettling. This atmosphere is hugely abetted by the cinematography of Andrzej Bartkowiak (who also shot Lumet's *Prince of the City*); an indeterminate gloom pervades not only the grizzled exteriors but even the indoors, where faces emerge from a dismal, almost grimy, darkness, which reluctantly yields them up to a sparse beam of light that barely fits them—like old clothes grown too tight.

And there is Lumet's fine handling of actors, though with Paul Newman he cannot do much—or little enough. Trying to out-Brando Brando, Newman hams up Galvin in that arty, underplaying manner that slows down everything, submerges it in pauses and hesitancies,



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makes the character so forlornly hangdog that you wonder how he evaded the dogcatcher, and practically turns his collar inside out so you can marvel at the quantities of ingrained sweat. But the others are all first-rate: Jack Warden, James Mason, Milo O'Shea, Lindsay Crouse, Julie Bovasso, Colin Stinton, and several others; even the usually insufferable Charlotte Rampling is made to look good. No one can make us believe the unbelievable, but Lumet's knowing direction gets us to play along with the pretense. Afterward, it all evaporates from the memory with merciful celerity. □

The GIMLET EYE

JULIAN BOND & THE LAWYER

D. KEITH MANO

He is all Tan Power, Julian Bond. The color my grandmother liked to make her tea. His face, at age 41, is so youthful it might seem left over from a lost age when children still kept guppies and played canasta. With the voice of some prime-time traffic forecaster. His posture is cautious: people who have begun worrying about their spines stand so. And Bond has a listless demeanor, the one too-handsome men develop in time. Bond helped found SNCC (pronounce it like a switchblade coming out) and is, in all likelihood, the last public person extant from that movement. Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown aren't what you'd call floor leaders right now.

Bond will be on safe soil here at the 92nd Street Y. Y not as in YMHA, but as in, simply, Young. Young and vital and compassionate and so informed: a temple, to oxymoronize the place, for secular humanism. In this swanky, 65 per cent full auditorium maybe eight people are black. The rest arrive straight from Bloomies' or because Channel 13 was slow. And they expect a mismatch. The Reagan Administration will give up ten inches in reach and more than that in ring generalship. Having pledged some big section boss from D.C., they've sent one Michael McConnell, an assistant general counsel at OMB, age 27. Looks to be the polemical equivalent of Mussolini *v.* Ethiopia.

Bond will begin solo. His speech is a partially hydrogenated thing: legal case after legal case, told off like railroad destinations, in which, according to Bond, the Reagan Justice Department has let up on racial discrimination. For sheer excitement I'd prefer kidney dialysis. "This two-year-old policy of nonenforcement means that the Reagan Administration must believe that segregated schools no longer exist. Thus law-

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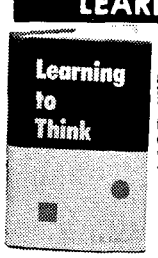

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Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who **stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives.** He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and to make us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated.*

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breakers are given aid and comfort, victims are left to fend for themselves." His speech will be characterized later as blistering: the way, perhaps, that you would characterize paint on an old porch rail. Bond is so sure of his audience that he won't even entertain them with his passion.

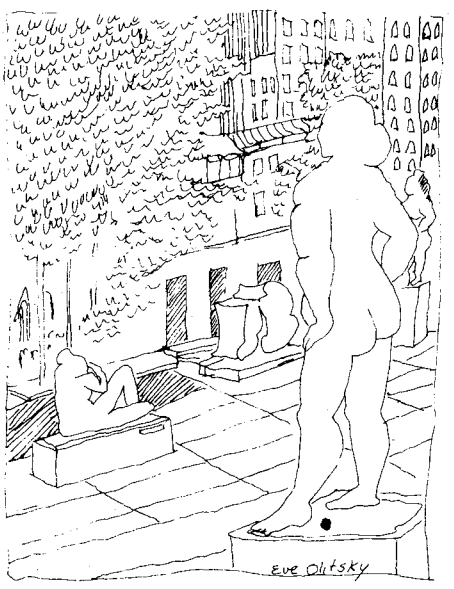
End dull harangue. Now, from a side door, Mike McConnell is led on: as if returning to the scene of a crime he didn't commit. McConnell seems nervous: rather uncoordinated of hand and foot. And so young that he can make Bond, for whom youth has been a secondary sexual trait, appear senile. There are three chairs: body language will translate freely. Bond leans back, away from his microphone, expecting it to take a level and pick him up. McConnell will incline forward, supplicatory, earnest, confidential. And, in between, the moderator, this ACLU lawyer woman, who, with glasses atop her head, might resemble a giant liver fluke. She will promise impartiality. Ah. Ho. Impartial like this. "Mr. McConnell, what specifically has been the most significant civil-rights achievement of the Reagan Administration? That reminds me of the 1960 election when a reporter asked President Eisenhower to name the greatest achievement of his Vice President, Richard Nixon, and he said, 'Come back in a week and I'll think of something.'" We know where we are. We are about to be battery-banged by the East-side, Left-side New York elite.

But McConnell is tenacious. With a dense-packed mind. After mentioning his age and unreadiness (he had two hours' notice), McConnell will say, "I don't like being called racist, because I'm not. I don't like being accused, as the Administration's representative, of perverting, twisting, abusing civil-rights laws. Because that's not what's happening." Applause. The audience has been bushwhacked by his intensity. Bond is impassive: the face of someone hooked on Sudafeds. What, anyhow, can this fascist plot be: to send an innocent abroad so that even the 99 per cent pro-Bond crowd will sympathize? Yet McConnell is fast as well. When the liver-fluke woman says, "We are concerned about Reagan policy—" McConnell will break in with, "We *moderators*, I presume you mean," underlining her gross bias. The audience has to laugh. And then applaud again.

Bond has complained about a cutback in civil-rights enforcement funding. McConnell will give him his best there-you-go-again stare and explain that since 1977 the enforcement budget has risen from $428 to $536 million. What about a cutback in legal help for poor people? McConnell is insistent. "The [Legal Services] Corporation was masquerading as a benefit for the poor and was actually engaging a large part of its resources in politically oriented law suits that were aimed at enforcing the political predilections of its employees." Would Mr. Bond like to respond? No, he would not.

It will come out a stand-off to my mind. And a stand-off is an upset here. Bond, languid and indifferent, has repeated over and over again, "Why no desegregation cases in the first twenty months of the Reagan Administration?" Applause. McConnell (patiently, gently): "The question is, Do we transform our civil-rights law from a requirement against racial discrimination to a requirement for racial discrimination with forced busing and employment quotas?" Bond has his answer set: "If the attorney general is not prepared to enforce the law of the land, he ought not to be attorney general." Applause. McConnell (with determination and a quick reversal pin): "That's what attorney generals before 1954 did. But I suspect that Mr. Bond wouldn't have objected had they switched their position and opposed the law at that time." Ooooh, winces a left-ish woman on my right. Cut by his cogency as she might have been by some piece of her Steuben glass.

Bond, from Georgia, will win a hometown decision in New York. But McConnell, we know now, is heavy water. He has had an influence: through charm, intelligence, and tough sincerity. McConnell, I learn afterward, clerked law for Justice Brennan. He can discuss Milan Kundera or appraise the *filioque* dispute in detail. Michael McConnell is obviously too young for major office. I would wait at least until 1984, and then make some small Cabinet post available. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

Pope John Paul II, *by Lord Longford (Morrow, 206 pp., $20.50).* Not the least of this book's virtues are its two hundred or so pictures. We see John Paul II (born Karol Wojtyla) at numerous times throughout his life: as a bald infant, looking terrified during his First Communion, shaving on a hillside, ministering to overflow crowds, and collapsing from the Turk's bullet. The prose, which recounts the details of the Pope's life, is a kind of Styrofoam packing around the pictures. Yet as biography it is precise and complete, and sheds light on such controversial papal pronouncements as *Laborem Exercens.* (That encyclical was influenced by the young Wojtyla's job as a stonecutter at the Solway chemical factory near Krakow.) There is an intrinsic drama to the story of this Pope—the first non-Italian in 450 years to occupy the throne of St. Peter—and Longford captures it. Apparently Wojtyla (like someone else we know) started out as an actor. Only after two traumatic incidents—his father's sudden death and a near-fatal accident—did he opt for the priesthood. Longford contrasts the Pope's palmy childhood with the lean times of persecution, first under the Nazis and then under the Russians. Meanwhile, no one can say that the Pontiff doesn't have style. An avid skier, he was once asked if it was unbecoming for a Pope to ski. "It is unbecoming for a Pope to ski badly," he replied.

DINESH D'SOUZA

A Sports Bestiary, *by George Plimpton, with drawings by Arnold Roth (McGraw-Hill, 101 pp., $14.95).* Here is as engaging a collection of fabulosities as its 1978 predecessor, *A Political Bestiary*, which was written by Eugene McCarthy and James J. Kilpatrick and illustrated by Jeff MacNelly. There you saw what the Viable Alternative, the Charisma, and the Qualm, among others, looked like. Here you can observe the Clubhouse Turn, the Fielding Gem, and the Holy Cow, not to mention the Twi-Night Doubleheader and the Sacrifice Fly. Or consider, for example, the

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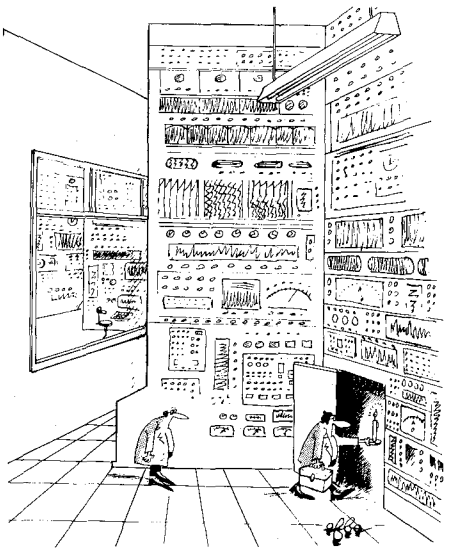
Scrum: "A large crustacean with many feet but no head that occasionally reminds those who are unfortunate enough to come upon him of an enormous, tailless, barnacle-backed horseshoe crab. He is active on large fields or 'pitches,' covering the ground in random confusion. The Scrum is inevitably attended in an apparent symbiotic relationship by a curious nervous, crablike companion known as the Fly Half, who for obscure reasons spends his life trying to drop an oval pebble under the carapace of the Scrum in amongst his myriad of feet. . . . Anyone venturing near the Scrum when he is active would be aware of the creature's stomach being in an uproar—gasps, sharp cries, yelps of pain, gurgles of effort. . . . In short, definitely not an individual one would want to invite in for tea." Mr. Plimpton is an elegant and stylish writer, and a witty one, too; however, a second writer, as in *A Political Bestiary*, might have made a good work even better—someone like Heywood Hale Broun could have done the trick. Arnold Roth, familiar to readers of *Sports Illustrated*, *Esquire*, and *Punch*, to name just three of his outlets, is one of the finest draftsmen of the age, and the illustrations here demonstrate his virtuosity: expressions of emotion and suggestions of movement so vibrant they seem more like isolated frames from an animated film. Roth is one of those artists you can never really get enough of; until a retrospective collection of his work is published, *A Sports Bestiary* may well be the best place for fans to get a fix.

JOE MYSAK



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WOMEN'S DIARIES OF THE WESTWARD JOURNEY, *by Lillian Schlissel (Schocken, 231 pp., $16.95).* From 1840 through 1870 a quarter of a million people made the 2,400-mile journey westward across the continent to Oregon and California. Close to half of that number were women. Lillian Schlissel wondered if the popular concept of the Western migration and its effect on our national character and institutions might be altered by a study of the writings of women who made the journey. She wondered if "sitting side by side on a wagon seat, a man and a woman felt different needs as they stared at the endless road that led into a new country." Whether or not one agrees with Professor Schlissel's premise, she has performed a service in collecting and arranging these writings. The book also contains photographs and an explanatory narrative, but it is the stark, unembellished writings of the diarists that bring into vivid focus the anguish and foreboding many of the pioneers felt as they undertook a journey fraught with unknowns. These misgivings are expressed very clearly by Lodisa Frizzel, who left Illinois with her husband and four sons. Mrs. Frizzel wrote: "The heart has a thousand misgivings and the mind is tortured with anxiety, and often, as I passed the fresh graves, I have glanced at the sideboard of the wagon, not knowing how soon it might serve as a coffin for some of us." Cholera and typhoid epidemics raged along the trail, and few families remained unscathed. Also, one out of five women who made the journey was pregnant, and virtually all the married women had young children. It is hardly surprising that few women greeted the overland trip with a sense of high adventure. Whatever Professor Schlissel's premise in undertaking the book, the result is a monument to the fortitude of the women of the overland journey. "The test of the journey," she says in her introduction, "was whether or not she had been equal to the task of holding her family together against all the sheer physical forces that threatened to spin them to the four winds of chance."

NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

THE LISTENER'S GUIDE TO GREAT INSTRUMENTALISTS, *by David Hamilton (Facts on File, 136 pp., $11.95).* David Hamilton, one of America's most erudite music critics, has made an extraordinary contribution to the Facts on File "Listener's Guide" series with his *Listener's Guide to Great Instrumentalists*. Disguised as "a general introduction to the art of the solo instrumentalist and to the literature for the major solo instruments," Mr. Hamilton's book is actually a monograph on instrumental performance practices between 1925 and 1950, as exemplified by 25 currently available recordings made by some two dozen soloists and chamber groups. Vividly written and impeccably researched, this book is as accessible to the layman as it is satisfying to the professional. Although Mr. Hamilton warns that "not even the most eloquent description is an adequate substitute for actually hearing a musical performance," his discussion of, say, Artur Schnabel's recording of Beethoven's Opus 111 comes about as close as the written word permits. Accurate and up-to-date discographical information for both the United States and Great Britain is included, as well as a list of firms that sell historical recordings by mail; and Mr. Hamilton's choices of both performers and recordings are unexceptionable. Two quibbles: no mention is made of equivalent cassette releases. And *The Listener's Guide to Great Instrumentalists* would have benefited from the care of a good editor, one who would have combed out Mr. Hamilton's occasional grammatical slips and infelicities of phrasing. Only one error of fact has crept in, though, and it is a forgivable one: the recording of the Chopin E Minor Concerto attributed to Dinu Lipatti is now thought to be by another pianist, one Halina Czerny-Stefanska. Otherwise, Mr. Hamilton has done a sterling job. Perhaps he can now be induced to write a similar volume about conductors' or (even better) composers' recordings.

TERRY TEACHOUT

LEADERS, *by Richard Nixon (Warner, 371 pp., $17.50).* Notwithstanding Richard Nixon's many failings, the former President was a master of foreign affairs. Even his enemies concede this, as they lament the lack of similar skills among his successors. Consequently, *Leaders* is fascinating for what it reveals about the author and the other chiefs of state he has known during his political career. All told, there are 21 profiles, ranging from the legendary Winston Churchill to the little known Lee Kuan Yew, Singapore's prime minister. But the book's best chapters concern Nixon's relationships with Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer. The author was clearly in awe of the French president, "a man of enormous ego [and] enormous selflessness," whose stage presence and political instincts were unerring. Nixon's respect for the German chancellor is evident in a moving tribute to the Rhinelander who resisted Hitler, produced a postwar rapprochement with France, and fought for the establishment of NATO and the European Economic Community. Equally interesting are the author's assessments of three Communist leaders: Nikita Khrushchev, Chou En-lai, and Leonid Brezhnev. Khrushchev comes across as a shrewd negotiator whose slovenly manner was merely a diversionary tactic. The cunning Chou was similarly adept at overcoming his opponents through sheer stamina and force of will. And Brezhnev could be a bully, but his belligerence was usually tempered by the specter of nuclear war. *Leaders* is a veritable primer on leadership. It is also, perhaps, in its bittersweet perspectives, more of a self-revelation than its author intended.

ALAN L. MILLER

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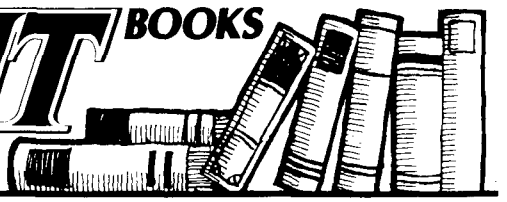

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

PETRO G. GRIGORENKO'S *Memoirs* (Norton, $19.95) are best described as what Grigorenko—a former career officer in the Red Army and the only Soviet general ever to be exiled—himself might call the record of a "living out," as when he describes "how it was with us former Communists. We had to outlive our Communism inside ourselves." And, though Grigorenko considers the Soviet government wholly unprogressed since the days of Lenin and Stalin, he declares himself guardedly optimistic about the ability of the Soviet people to outlive the Communism inside themselves as well. In fact, he suggests that this has already happened, and that it is merely a question of what will fill the psychic void. Here he is more pessimistic; and yet his portrait of life and events in the USSR over a period of seventy years is wonderfully moving not only as a memoir of a truly heroic life but as a fragment of an epic that, like Wagner's *Ring*, evokes a spectacle of a world moving from the most primitive darkness into fully human consciousness.

Grigorenko was born in 1907 into a desperately poor farm family in the Ukrainian province of Zaporozhe. In 1918, at the age of 11, he witnessed a massacre by White Guards of innocent villagers, carried out with particularized antisemitic venom; this experience, added to his family's fervently pro-Red sympathies, confirmed him as a "fanatical" Bolshevik. He worked as a locomotive engineer, learned carpentry, bricklaying, and engineering, and became a member of the Communist Party and a plenipotentiary of the Central Committee of the Komsomol of the Ukraine. He then entered the Military Technical Academy of Leningrad, studied construction superintendency, and became a military career officer, in which capacity he built fortifications and demolished churches with dynamite charges.

In 1938 Grigorenko felt the first brush of the raven's wing: his brother Ivan was arrested in Zaporozhe and held in an NKVD interrogation prison for a month. Shocked by Ivan's tales of the tortures he had witnessed, Grigorenko, convinced that the doings at the prison were "something purely local," in great agitation took the story to the General Prosecutor of the USSR and escaped arrest only under mysterious circumstances. When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, Grigorenko was stationed in the Far East, where an unguarded and sarcastic remark about the preparedness of the Infallible Leader nearly caused his expulsion from the army and the Party, and in time attracted the sardonic attention of Leonid Brezhnev, then a Party functionary in the military.

After the war, Grigorenko became a member of the Frunze Military Academy in Moscow, where he launched a pioneering program in cybernetics. His disillusionment with the government grew until, in 1961, he challenged the Party conference of the Lenin District of Moscow from the floor, was fired from the Academy, and became an object of Khrushchev's particular animosity. He was denied work in his many fields of expertise and finally found a job as a stevedore in Yalta. He was twice arrested and sent to psychiatric hospitals, the second time for five years (1968-74). In 1977 he was stripped of his Soviet citizenship and received asylum in the United States, which he has come to love but about whose faults he is in agreement with his friend Solzhenitsyn.

IN HIS FIRST years of disillusionment, Grigorenko reacted as an old Bolshevik—he felt himself a Revolutionist. Gradually he came to understand the wisdom of Bukovsky's "Only an idiot would go underground"—to grasp the fact that publicity is the greatest weapon. The Kremlin could uproot cadres but it could not efface demonstrations of moral probity and courage. This is a lesson that contemporary dissidents—Orlov, Amalrik, Bukovsky, Ginzburg—have learned; for Grigorenko it is the path to national redemption, and for the Soviet government, the ultimate heresy, to be eradicated at any cost. □

MARTIN

(Continued from page 118)

wiped out the estimated five-year lead we had until then enjoyed in the general field of nuclear-weapons technology, and that the Soviet military establishment now had a clear and massive primacy in super-megaton technology.

Such was the history of our first experience with a nuclear freeze. The record of those Geneva negotiations should be carefully studied, for they provide a prime example of how *not* to negotiate with the Russians. In the course of those negotiations, we made many mistakes. But the initial and central act of imprudence from which all of our other mistakes flowed was the decision to freeze our nuclear-weapons development program while we pursued negotiations for a larger and permanent agreement on nuclear testing.

These basic arguments were stated with surprising eloquence by Representative Les Aspin (D., Wis.), an inveterate Pentagon critic, in a letter to the editor of the *Washington Post* on April 15, 1982. Said Representative Aspin:

> . . . A freeze clamps down on the strategic issues that make Kremlin planners sweat, but it doesn't address those issues that make American planners sweat . . .
>
> . . . For us to get what we want, we need both a freeze *and* reductions. For the Soviets to get what they want, all they need is a freeze. At that point, there is no incentive for them to talk about reductions . . . The Soviets will have every incentive to hold religiously to the freeze while stonewalling on the reduction talks. . . .

These are some thoughts on which our American bishops would do well to ponder before they enshrine the nuclear freeze as a moral imperative that would invalidate all considerations of nuclear strategy or the requirements of diplomacy or the survival of the free world. □

WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 120)

position that might not otherwise arise.

The bill would, additionally, limit the jurisdiction of the federal courts in civil-rights cases to those instances in which state law did not provide an adequate remedy. The federal civil-rights laws were originally enacted because Congress doubted the willingness of the Southern courts to protect blacks. Now that there are numerous black judges in

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the Southern states and black jurors more or less correspond in numbers to white jurors, federal civil-rights jurisdiction may not be necessary in states where laws do provide a remedy. Apparently Senator East and his subcommittee think so. Presumably evidence at committee hearings will show the facts in this respect, and if it is indeed true that blacks may be confident of a fair hearing in Southern courts, this provision should be enacted. A possible alternative would be to limit the federal civil-rights remedies to *federal* courts sitting in the Southern states.

The bill would repeal the statutes that grant general federal-court jurisdiction in every claim based on the Constitution, laws, and treaties of the United States, and limit such jurisdiction to specific grants. Indeed, general jurisdiction such as would be here repealed did not exist until 1875 and was granted then only because Congress believed that blacks could not get fair treatment in Southern state courts. Testimony at committee hearings will presumably show whether or not that hypothesis is valid today. If not, the general jurisdiction enactment should be repealed. If still true, perhaps, again, such jurisdiction should be restricted to federal courts sitting in the Southern states.

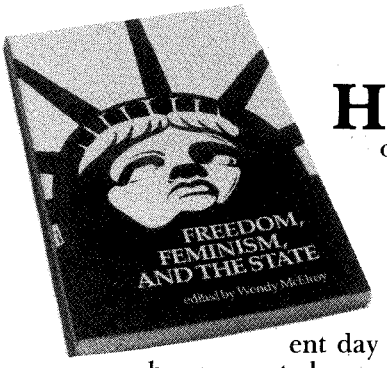
The bill also restricts the award of attorneys' fees and implied causes of action. There undoubtedly have been abuses in these areas.

The bill would also, in effect, require that Supreme Court justices be appointed on a territorial basis—that is, one from each judicial circuit. A few years ago there would have seemed no justification for such a restriction on the appointive power of the President, but it might be argued that now that the Supreme Court has become primarily a legislative body, representation on it should be on a territorial basis, as with Congress. It is highly doubtful, however, if Congress can constitutionally limit the appointive power of the President. The Senate, without whose concurrence no appointment can take effect, might adopt a standing rule that would accomplish the purpose of the bill.

Assuming that the bill receives serious consideration, it will surely meet bitter resistance from powerful elements of public opinion, and, assuming it were enacted, the Supreme Court might very well find some of its provisions unconstitutional. □

"Must reading for anyone concerned with the freedom of women!"

—Jennifer Roback
Yale University



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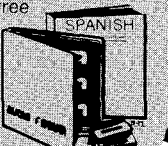

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

CHARLOTTE HAYS:

Among the Outcasts

One priest, who applied for a job in a prison, was rejected when he told the interviewer that if a member of the rapidly growing Muslim religion requested a prayer rug he would refuse to bring it and try to persuade him to become a Christian. (From the *National Catholic Register.*)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Nuclear Nonthink

On The Right

New York, Jan. 14—Running your finger over the profile of the recent literature dealing with nuclear defense, you bump into a number of interesting dilemmas and anomalies, worth the effort to prescind, and contemplate.

Consider, for instance, the matter of civil defense. We all know that during the 1960s, the evolution of nuclear strategy took a turn which many now have reason to regret. The idea was to ensure that, in the event the Soviet Union launched a nuclear attack against us, it should, so to speak, die with us. A mutual, if involuntary, suicide pact. It was called M(utual) A(ssured) D(estruction). An effort to climb out of the embrace of that doctrine was made by President Nixon when he proposed an anti-ballistic missile. But this carried so marginally (by one vote in the Senate) that it was abandoned on the bargaining table of SALT I. There we agreed to limit to two, the areas we were prepared to defend by anti-ballistic weaponry. This we later reduced to one. The Soviet Union proceeded to defend Moscow. We never got around to defending Washington.

NOW THE question before the house is: What is the intellectual, or the moral, objection to attempting to reduce the damage, in the event of a nuclear war? Reading Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* leaves you with the feeling that such a venture is, in some way, sacrilegious. Why? Because in order to plan contingent defense against nuclear attack, it becomes necessary to acknowledge that nuclear attack is conceivable. This is the intellectual concession the abolitionists refuse to permit. It is as if medical doctors refused to stock up on serum for bubonic plague, because to do so would acknowledge the hypothetical possibility that bubonic plague might return to haunt mankind.

Now the difference between bubonic plague and nuclear war is that nuclear war is initiated by human will. The governing idea is to influence that will. To the extent that we can influence that will by minimizing the potential damage done by such a war, we maximize our influence. The approach of the nuclear abolitionists begins by saying, in effect, that the force of nuclear war is so great, it is irrelevant to seek to minimize it. To which the appropriate answer surely is: Why? And again: What is to be lost by making the effort? For what it matters, my personal position in the matter is that I pray I would be a victim, not a survivor, of any massive nuclear attack. But I pray also that every means will be taken to diminish the likelihood of such an attack, and if one of those means is to proceed toward civil defense, I do not begrudge the dollars allocated to the effort.

Then there is the neat question of the planet's end. This is Mr. Schell's specialty. His stated concern reaches beyond the fate of those living, or even of those conceived. He worries about those who would otherwise be born but, in a post-nuclearized world, wouldn't be. In an age in which there is widespread indifference to the abortion of fetuses, a concern that reaches beyond the fetus to the human being as yet unconceived is striking, and brings up the whole nature of human responsibility. Michael Kinsley, the ultra-liberal editor of *Harper's*, deals rather irreverently with this concern. "I shudder to think how I've failed. For that matter, I shudder for Jonathan Schell—for every moment he's spent banging away on his typewriter, instead of banging away elsewhere." The point here, surely, is that a concern for the living cannot ever, in the real world, be subordinated to a concern for the abstract unborn, and unconceived. The concern for being, morally supersedes the concern for nothingness.

And then, of course, there is the ultimate question. What are we supposed to do about the development of apocalyptic weaponry? Do not ask Mr. Schell. "I have not sought to define a political solution to the nuclear predicament." "I have left to others those awesome, urgent tasks." But, of course, it comes down to disarmament. Since we are not in a position to effect the disarmament of the Soviet Union, why, we proceed where we do have authority. Over ourselves. Having then disarmed, it follows that we proceed to take instructions from the Soviet Union. We will have forestalled the possibility of the extinction of the human race. But we will have brought on the certainty of human enslavement. Those who say the former is worth the latter are best answered by replying: "Isn't it preferable that neither should happen?" And then, a soft tap on the shoulder: "Have you noticed, neither *has* happened?" □

MOONLIGHTING IN THE SENATE

New York, Jan. 17—Something called the Democracy Project, whose charter can be summed up as wishing to make America unsafe for capitalism, has come out through its founder and president, Mark Green, in strident opposition to a recent move by the Senate. In 1977, the Senate exchanged a pay raise for a pledge to limit to $8,000 per year the income that could be earned by its members for work done outside government. (That measure was backed by a public-interest group with which I was mistakenly associated.)

What then happened was that inflation set in; but, also, that resentments matured. I remember listening to the complaints of Senator Moynihan, freshly elected, and looking back wistfully at an income of over $100,000 he had made from lecturing during his last year out of office. In addition, of course, Mr. Moynihan had been paid by publishers, for whom he writes books and magazine articles. Mr. Moynihan is known to write for everything save possibly the *Police Gazette*, for which, I assume, he writes under an assumed name. So, gradually, the restriction was liberalized, to $25,000 in 1979. And, in October of 1981, the limitation was finally repealed. The Democracy Projectiles foresee the satellization of Congress by American business. Representative David Obey of Wisconsin is quoted as saying, "This is the single most dangerous thing that's happened since I've been here." Lest he be suspected of exaggeration, it should be noted

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that Mr. Obey was elected to Congress *after* Hiroshima.

What are they all afraid of? Mr. Green is, let us face it, afraid of bribery. "Steven D. Symms, Idaho Republican, personally netted $47,200 [in 1981]. Alan Cranston, California Democrat, earned $30,600. Richard G. Lugar, Indiana Republican, made $8,500 speaking to five special-interest groups in thirty hours in Minnesota. Alfonse M. D'Amato, New York Republican, made $25,250." I cannot see the relevance of the emphasis put on these figures unless it is to suggest that that, roughly, is the market value of these gentlemen's votes. And I find this presumption about elected representatives, made by ostentatious civil libertarians, quite extraordinary.

Pause, for a moment, at the other end of the question. Last year, congressmen were expected to get along on about $60,000 per year. To drop that statement in a crowded theater is to touch off a conflagration of resentment, along the lines of: "What's so tough about getting along on $60,000 per year? My husband earns $20,000 per year, and we make out all right!" To which the answer is that we are supposed to have in Congress, though of this we are not frequently enough reminded, extraordinary men, of extraordinary talent—on whom extraordinary demands (two homes) are made. These are men many of whom, in the open market, would command higher pay, whether as lawyers, doctors, businessmen, or what have you. Some congressmen are privately wealthy, and can be as indifferent to their official remuneration as Herbert Hoover or John F. Kennedy were, both of whom returned their salaries as President to the government. Others have to worry whether the bank will lend them the money necessary to pay the tuition for children in private schools (because Congress and the courts have made it all but impossible to patronize the public schools). That such men are in search of supplementary income should not surprise.

The question naturally arises whether the acceptance of money paid in the form of a lecture fee leads to a presumption that one's vote is for sale. It would appear to me that if this is so, we are probably ready simply to give up on democracy. If Senator Cranston can be got for thirty thou, and Senator Lugar for under nine, we have elected to high office men who are humiliatingly cheap in the practice of prostitution. Annual public disclosure of the sources of revenue would appear to provide a prudent guard against brazen graft. If, for instance, it were established that Senator Laxalt had been paid $100,000 to address the truckers, one might legitimately suspect that something was up. If it were established that Tip O'Neill had been paid $500 by the National Association of Manufacturers, one would need to face the likely fact that subornation had happened.

This is not a plea for simple-mindedness in assessing human motivation. The thing about Congress is that many men are disposed to accept power as a desirable substitute for money. The excitement, the adulation, the privilege, election night—all of this counts. It is, so to speak, legal tender. That is the kind of bribery that most often affects democratic legislators. Not the money in hand, but the roar of the crowd. And that ego trip is absolutely free. Untaxed. Stand before a large crowd and denounce poverty, talk about a Hiroshima survivor, summon the vision of a starveling in Appalachia over against the opulence of Walter Annenberg's house in Palm Springs—and you see, in action, the real graft of the American political scene. But this is the kind of thing unlikely to be denounced by the Democracy Project, because, unhappily, it is an attribute of Democracy. □

WHAT'S GOING ON?

New York, Jan. 7—Aboard a cruising vessel bound for China a few months ago [see also p. 102], I unpacked an aluminum suitcase in which I had stored my cassettes, player, and portable typewriter. The typewriter was gone! There is no panic to equal that of the journalist caught without his typewriter, and accordingly I rushed back down the gangway, asked a guide where I might buy a typewriter, and was directed to a department store nearby, which must be the spawning ground of the Japanese population explosion. But an escalator carried me through the crowd up to the third floor, and there my eyes feasted on a counter-load of typewriters. I grabbed a sturdy-looking red portable, pausing only to establish that the lettering sequence was conventional. Back on board, I tapped out a few lines on it to discover that it was as near to being a totally satisfactory portable as the old Royal on which I was weaned; and my memory was jarred.

I first heard the word "obsolescent" when at school, in England, at age 13. A master (he was a Jesuit priest) had informed a class of older boys (age 14) that American car manufacturers engaged in "planned obsolescence." I took this as an affront on my homeland, and demanded an explanation, and was given a kindly and abstruse exposition, which was the first time I looked up the meaning of the word Jesuitical.

Flash forward thirty years to a taxi driver in Hartford, Connecticut, who, having helped stow my bags at the station, noticed my Olivetti portable. For many years, he said, he had worked at the Royal typewriter factory but, he said, he had given up his job in disgust over the deteriorating standards of workmanship. I told him I had had a most splendid Royal portable for ten years beginning at age 15, which had been stolen in Mexico, and that ever since, I had wandered like the Flying Dutchman from portable to portable, that the Olivetti was nice to handle but was as fragile as a soufflé, that I had gone through a dozen of them. He clucked his misgivings about American technology, and I thought of the obsolescence I had first heard about in 1938.

A year ago, I stopped at an airline newsstand to buy a copy of *Time* magazine, putting down my Olivetti to reach into my wallet. After pocketing the change, I leaned down to pick up the typewriter—which, however, was not there. It had been stolen, a venture in planned obsolescence perfected in New York City. I was bound for Cambridge to do battle with the big dragon Professor Galbraith, whose lovely secretary, a closet Republican, volunteered to help me. But there are no portable Olivettis in Cambridge, and so she came up with a Swiss Hermes, a small machine that requires the finger action of a pneumatic jackhammer, not bad for writing a speech that penetrates Galbraithian goulash, but not quite the right thing for flights of fancy. That was the machine missing in Kobe, when Providence put me in the hands of the Brother Valiant 413 ($80 FOB Kobe, Japan).

Why is it that what had been securely American—the fine, reliable, relatively inexpensive machine—is disappearing? The idea behind planned obsolescence in Detroit, if that is what it was, was to cause you to buy another American car every three years or so. But American typewriters that drive you to Japanese typewriters, via Italian and Swiss typewriters, would seem to be making an economically unconsummated point. Goodness knows it did not use to be that way. The Woodstock typewriter used by Alger Hiss was still functioning ten years after it had been used to transcribe half of America's defense secrets for the benefit of Mr. Hiss's spymasters. At home I use, serenely and with pleasure, a Royal standard I bought in my freshman year in college, in 1946. Are we the victims of nefarious economic design? The kind of thing Ralph Nader, or Michael Harrington, or the boys and girls who write for *The Nation* magazine, would like to think about American enterprise? Again, it would not appear to make sense, any more than it would make sense, having eaten one McDonald's hamburger, to resolve to move over to Burger King.

It is very sad, whatever the explanation. At age 57, I'd have a harder time talking back to that Jesuit priest, than at age thirteen. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Emissaries — 24 46 68 189 7 141 71

B. Cub player who was French's teammate in 1935 and 1936 — 41 67 185 84 5 143 131

C. The Mets won World Series from them in 1969 — 101 19 95 44 151 69 134

D. A wedding — 161 51 35 130 123 16 180 190

E. A type of tree — 165 116 77

F. A Red Sox, Yankee, and Brave player — 188 108 96 164

G. One who begins a career — 63 8 100 156 124 40 53 146

H. An American League club — 61 1 6 22 32 57 81 87 89 113

I. A name appropriate for a chauffeur — 14 31 38 152

J. A onetime baseball circuit — 110 17 175 39 66 52 181 34 78 3 / 153 25 119

K. A pre-game warmup in baseball — 149 62 191 18 132 142 168 120 70 55

L. Made happy — 174 111 54 102 20 86

M. Gives a tip on a race — 182 107 42 166 60

N. An island between Australia and New Zealand — 79 103 97 9 159 88 139 85

O. An evidence of victory — 58 43 50 74 90 106

P. What well-dressed Red Sox fans wear — 118 125 128 27 144 45 167

Q. The ancient name of Hamadan — 127 29 26 47 2 160 10 36

R. One who provokes — 4 91 145 163 93 177 115

S. Where an Old Testament witch lived — 99 48 126 129 154

T. Rich — 172 179 11 187 94 147 72

U. To capitulate — 136 56 183 176 98

V. A National League pitcher, 1905-1910, 1913 — 155 178 186 133 75 170 121

W. A ceremonial act — 109 80 12 114

X. A small tricycle — 30 13 162 193 140 23 82 37

Y. Sameness of style — 73 28 15 150 117 171 184 192

Z. A town in Hampton County, S.C. — 104 64 122 33 83 138

x. A Roman emperor from A.D. 98 to 117 — 65 105 112 49 59 157

z. Rushes in a frenzied manner — 21 76 92 135 137 148 158 169 173

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 138 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 Q		3 J	4 R		5 B	6 H	7 A	8 G	9 N	10 Q	11 T	12 W	13 X	14 I	15 Y	16 D	17 J
	18 K	19 C	20 L	21 z	22 H		23 X	24 A	25 J	26 Q		27 P	28 Y	29 Q	30 X	31 I	32 H	33 Z
34 J		35 D	36 Q	37 X	38 I	39 J		40 G		41 B	42 M	43 O	44 C	45 P	46 A	47 Q	48 S	
49 x	50 O	51 D	52 J	53 G	54 L	55 K	56 U	57 H	58 O		59 x	60 M	61 H	62 K	63 G		64 Z	65 x
66 J	67 B	68 A	69 C	70 K		71 A	72 T	73 Y	74 O	75 V	76 z	77 E	78 J	79 N	80 W	81 H	82 X	83 Z
84 B	85 N		86 L	87 H	88 N		89 H	90 O	91 R		92 z	93 R	94 T	95 C	96 F	97 N	98 U	99 S
	100G	101C	102L	103N	104Z	105x		106O	107M	108F	109W		110J	111L	112x	113H	114W	115R
116E		117Y	118P	119J		120K	121V	122Z	123D	124G	125P	126S	127Q		128P	129S	130D	131B
132K	133V	134C		135z	136U		137z	138Z	139N	140X	141A	142K	143B		144P	145R		146G
147T	148z		149K	150Y	151C	152I		153J	154S	155V	156G	157x	158z	159N		160Q	161D	162X
	163R	164F	165E	166M	167P		168K	169z	170V	171Y	172T		173z	174L	175J		176U	177R
178V	179T	180D		181J	182M	183U	184Y	185B	186V	187T		188F	189A	190D	191K	192Y	193X	

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